See ITALIAN ART CHART in this Issue.

THE SPHERE, JANUARY 4, 1930
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The SPHERE

Vol. CXX. No. 1563 JAN. 4, 1930. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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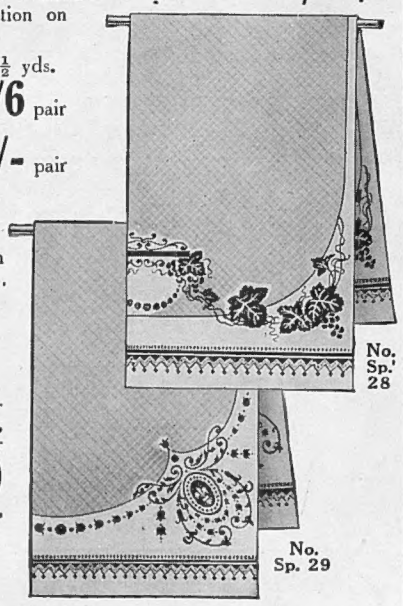

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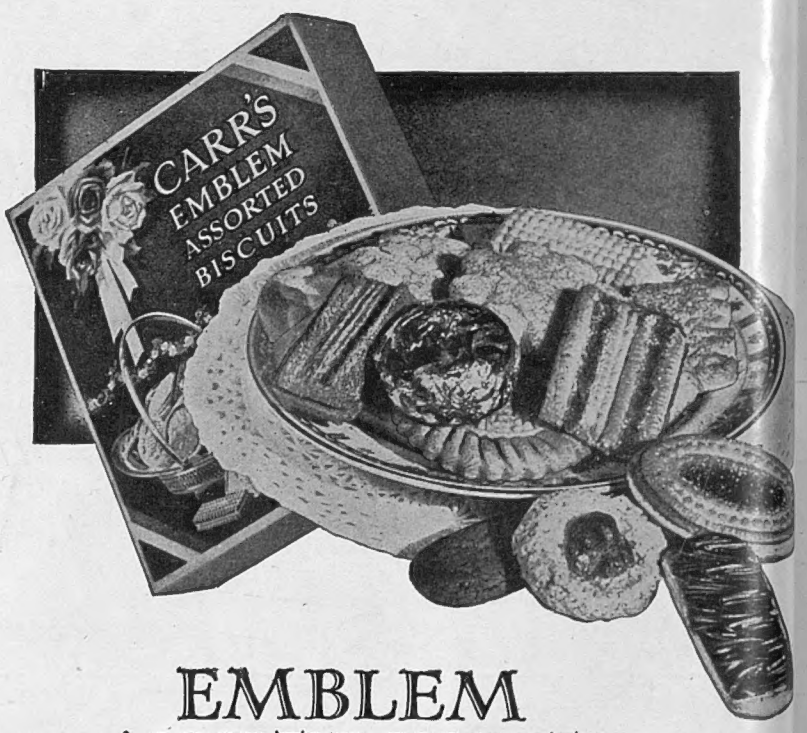

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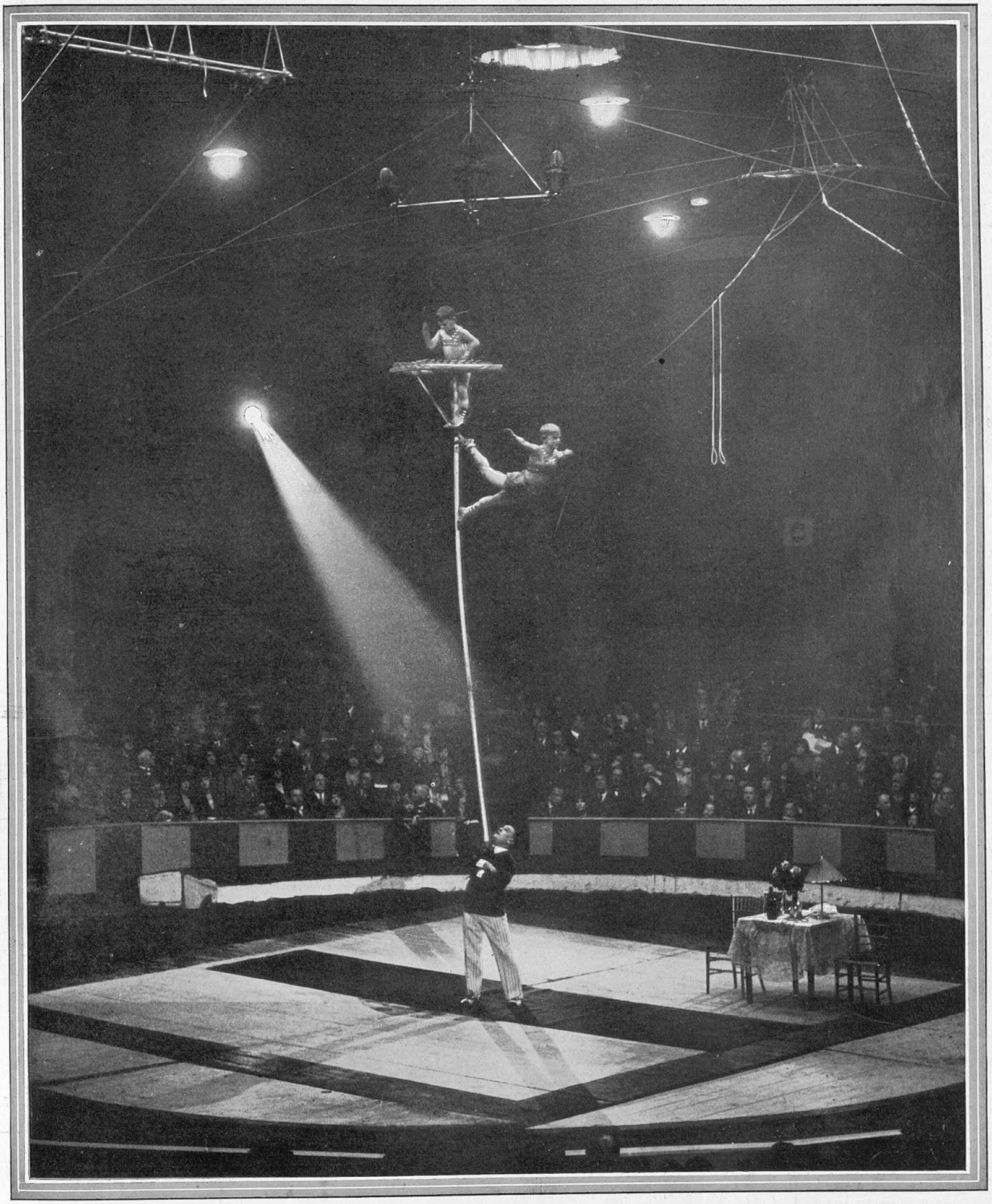


THE CLIMAX OF THE FESTIVE SEASON: The acrobatic Remos midgets, one of the thrilling turns at the Bertram Mills Circus which is delighting children young and old at Olympia during the festive season

The eternal charm, thrill, and allure of the Sawdust Ring is markedly in evidence this year in London at Olympia, where the combined attractions of daring, humour, and skill are presented once again in the Bertram Mills Circus. What with acrobats performing the most hair-raising of dare-devil stunts, trapeze artists flying perilously through the air, elephants and horses trained to do almost everything but talk, and clowns who do almost everything as well as talk—the two or three hours that the performance lasts are replete with all the heart the most intellectually and emotionally voracious child can desire. A recrudescence of pantomime has also marked the festive season 1929–30; it has even, after a sad lapse of a decade, returned to Drury Lane as well as to the theatres which have remained faithful to it.

A LONDON NEWSLETTER.

THE HANGING COMMITTEE AT WORK: Mr. Charles Ricketts, R.A., a member of the British Executive Committee; Commendatore Ettore Modigliani, the Commissioner General for Italy; Lady Chamberlain, one of the originators of the Exhibition; Mr. W. Constable and Mr. Archibald Russell, "Lancaster Herald," two members of the British Executive Committee; and Major A. A. Longden, D.S.O., the indefatigable Secretary-General, all hard at work just after Christmas disposing the masterpieces to the best advantage

INVERESK HOUSE,
STRAND, W.C.
Wednesday, January 1, 1930.

At Burlington House.—Early as I arrived—in the first four with Lady Cynthia Mosley, the Archbishop of York, and Lord Brentford, ever young—I found myself one of a large crowd of earliest birds going round on private view day. We must all be "in the movement," and here unquestionably is centred the burning topic of conversation in the polite drawing-rooms—until the first daffodil appears and Nature displaces Botticelli as prime pageant-maker of Spring. Once more the deficiencies of Burlington House as a setting for pictures are made manifest, and just as the Vermeers cried out to be taken back to the little Maritzhuis, so do even the largest of the famous Italian canvases seem to sulk in their ugly and unhelpful setting. But I am in no mood to criticise, for I have just lived again some of the immortal hours of my life. In the large gallery, before Botticelli's "Venus," I was transported back again to that great day when I rolled down the sunny side of the Alps and came into the blue and gold and pink and white of enchanting Florence and first saw "Prima Vera" and "Venus" in the Uffizi. We must label the latter "The Death of Venus" on those blackcurrant-fool walls, which nevertheless set off little "Calumny" next door. And a little later Giorgione button-holed me and reminded me of an altogether surprising day of revelation in grey old Glasgow, when I found fairyland at the end of Sauchiehall Street while I waited for a connection north. A moment later Guido Reni gave me back my first rapturous experience of the Bay of Naples, and old friends beckoned me once more to Venice and to Milan in blossom time. An hour of memories, of youth, of Spring and Hope. But perhaps you will allow me to reserve until next week my soberer reflections on the great Exhibition. I will tell you why the old Italians are so much more familiar and understandable to us than the great painters of the nations nearer to us in kin and converse, and why the palm of the pioneer in the field of painting must be awarded to Italy. To-day we owe a great debt to Italy and to Lady Chamberlain.

A New Year.—We are still unaccustomed to "living in the 'thirties," and our inexperience is revealed when we attempt to date our letters of thanks for presents received at Christmas and our cheques in full discharge for the excesses recently indulged in. The first decade of the twentieth century was portentous enough in all conscience; the second has earned the name of the most critical decade in the world's history; the third has in soberer garb equalled, if not rivalled it. Great Heavens, what a decade we have just survived! As indigestible as a malevolent cook's parting plum-pudding; as disturbing as a mad chef's tipsy-cake; as thrilling as champagne laced with brandy; as harmful as everlasting cocktails; as dreary and disillusioning as the morning after an orgy. Which indeed it was. What has been the "business done" in the 'twenties by which the future historians will label and docket that decade? A hint of sanity in international relations and a whole century of folly in domestic politics.

The Thrifty 'Thirties.—It has seen the Parliamentary system of this country brought to the point of farce and the taste of the nation turned back to the boundaries of barbarism. It has done much to accomplish the final atrophy of the human mind and to destroy for ever man's peace of soul and to kill that inherent seed, the chance given to every child born of woman to find sooner or later the only true contentment, the happiness from within. A great decade which we never cease to boost with unrestrained vain-glory! And what of the 'thirties, what of the fourth decade? But I have already in the last number of the Newsletter bored you with looking back and risked my reputation with prophecies. I offer you my wishes for the New Year and the new decade, and when they come to assess it in history, may it be found less blood-guilty than its predecessor. Ring up the curtain on the 'thirties! God send we may earn for them the title of "The Thrifty 'Thirties," for indeed I think that nothing else can save us.

Holiday Thoughts on Politics.—Readers have encouraged me to harp on my familiar string when I refer to politics. I speak without party bias, for indeed the one thing I am up against is the party system in its present-day rottenness and decay. Members of Parliament and the public alike have during the recess a few days for quiet reflection. When the House broke up in farce on Christmas Eve a useful lesson had been driven home, Mr. Thomas being the whipping-boy selected for demonstrating the great truth growing daily clearer to the public but still hidden from politicians. Once more, the great truth is this: there are no statesmen of genius in Parliament. If such there were, the man of destiny had long since stood forward and taken the helm from feeble hands. Parliament is composed of a sprinkling of men of good ability and a high percentage of mediocrities. The times in which we live are so difficult that nothing but genius in statesmanship—a phenomenon which occurs once in 200 years—could achieve the miracle of bringing order out of chaos. And even genius can only succeed by first inspiring the whole nation with a new ideal of self-sacrifice.

A Mockery.—To taste power the mediocrities of each denomination have since the War grown ever more deeply absorbed in their petty game of politics, outbidding each other in boasts of cures, specifics, and nostrums for putting the Nation to rights; and first one, then another, has been blown into office on the wind of its own bellows, only to stand naked before a disillusioned public, stripped within six months of every vestige of authority and responsibility. The party system has played a fine part in political history—it might still be effective if some of the difficulties of the times were removed. But these difficulties can never be removed while the system remains or by the system in its present rottenness. Here and there during the late session a gleam of the truth has struck one or other of the finer spirits. A momentary sense of shame overcame Mr. Baldwin when the unutterable tragedy of unemployment held the stage and he spoke of the possibility of a day "when they all might be able to get together on these subjects *without thinking who was to get political advantage out of it.*"

A New Spirit.—Those of us (not obsessed by the lust for power) who read the reports of those last tragical debates, must have come at last to appreciate to the full the vileness of the system under which we are governed. On the tragedy of the workers, on the moral and financial bankruptcy of the nation, these petty tyrants rear their ladders and climb and fall and wrestle on the rungs. I am no advocate of coalitions; I do but plead and pray for an armistice from personal and party warfare, and for decency, humility, and co-operation among the chosen representatives of the people at least until times are less dark and critical.

The Delhi Outrage.—Lord Irwin joins Lords Mayo and Hardinge in the list of Viceroys whose lives have been attempted by assassins. Doubtless there was no more political significance in the attempt than there was in the Brussels outrage on the Crown Prince of Italy. It was probably the act of two or three half-educated students of enlarged ego and lower than normal mentality. Such an outrage indeed, immediately preceding the long and solemn conference between the Viceroy and the National leaders, was the worst misfortune which could happen to the latter, charged with the task of pleading for a great Empire its ripeness for the dignity and responsibilities of Dominion status. One may confidently declare that there is no country in the world nowadays that has not learned the bitter lesson of the complete and disastrous failure of assassination as a political weapon, and does not deplore such attempts, and detest its own rotten element of feather-brained plotters. The most raging fanatic in the cause of Indian emancipation realises that in Lord Irwin India has a friend, and an arbiter of scrupulous impartiality.

New Delhi.—Under such inauspicious circumstances the Viceroy has taken up his quarters in the New Delhi, the idealised Wembley of Lutyens design. Kubla Khan, if he were "living at this hour," would have decreed just such pleasure domes for Xanadu. It has been a mighty undertaking for one man and I doubt if any other architect in the world can show such quantity, such quality, and such variety of output. It is human to err and in a scheme so vast it is not surprising if the Homer of the rule and compass has nodded once or twice; if a few forgotten feet of too too solid earth have obscured the intended vista from the Palace steps (necessitating an emergency gazebo in the attics); or if Lady Irwin finds comfort sacrificed to form and grandeur; or a state bedroom here and there is found to possess more doors than wall space; or if the Palace is found to require 1,000 instead of the customary 500 domestic servants. The palaces, the domes, the new city, is very splendid, very impressive, very expensive, and as inconvenient as one would expect. It is no fault of the architect if the occupation of the city of his dreams comes at a time so inauspicious—stages a bathos so lamentable and (if I may say so) so ludicrous. The British Raj in India has nearly done with pomp and circumstance.

Blessings on Her.—There is more than journalistic convention in my benison on Princess Marie José. I feel a personal and keen interest in her future welfare because she played no mean part in the second greatest day of my life. How well I remember the solemn little girl with the halo of golden hair who rode her rough pony into Brussels behind her royal father and mother, amid scenes of devotion and admiration rare and touching, one golden autumn day in 1918. That day also our Duke of York stood beside her in the square and in the Chamber of Deputies. And I remember, as I looked down from the gallery on that historic scene, I wondered what might be her destiny. She is marrying a fine-looking young man who has more than once given evidence of character and courage. And yet I fear that they will both have need of all the fine qualities they possess to make for themselves, as I am sure they will, a happy and useful life together. For the path of royalty, for all that it is crimson, is bitter hard to-day, and nowhere is it likely to be harder than in Rome, which accommodates two kings and an uncrowned Emperor who live in "unity by Act of Parliament." Under such circumstances life is not likely to be smooth for a young and spirited heir to the kingdom won by Garibaldi and Cavour.

The Bachelors'.—At last the Bachelors' Club has found a resting-place—in South Audley Street. Since the death of its benefactor, Mr. Alfred Farquhar, a move has been inevitable, for it was not to be supposed that his heirs would see the fun of permanently letting one of the choicest sites in London at a peppercorn rent. The corner house in Hamilton Place may indeed be described as No. 2 London, if Apsley House is No. 1. For the last twenty years the site has been about as unattractive for club purposes as one could well find and endure. Noisy, dusty, dangerous, it will serve the needs of commerce better than those of the social and the celibate. It was my first club and I can't pretend I ever derived much profit or comfort from it. I was bored by the reiterations and repetitions of *Pink 'Un* stories from the lips of two or three professional raconteurs. And poor old William Gillett, the founder, the lamentable figure who sacrificed a profitable career as a banker to climb the social ladder (only to perch disconsolately half-way up), was not a very cheerful presence. But I married just too late to receive the inevitable "fish-slice" with which he rewarded the faithful frail. The famous club, having weathered the post-War dirty weather, will doubtless resume a prosperous career in South Audley Street.

THE OLD STAGER.

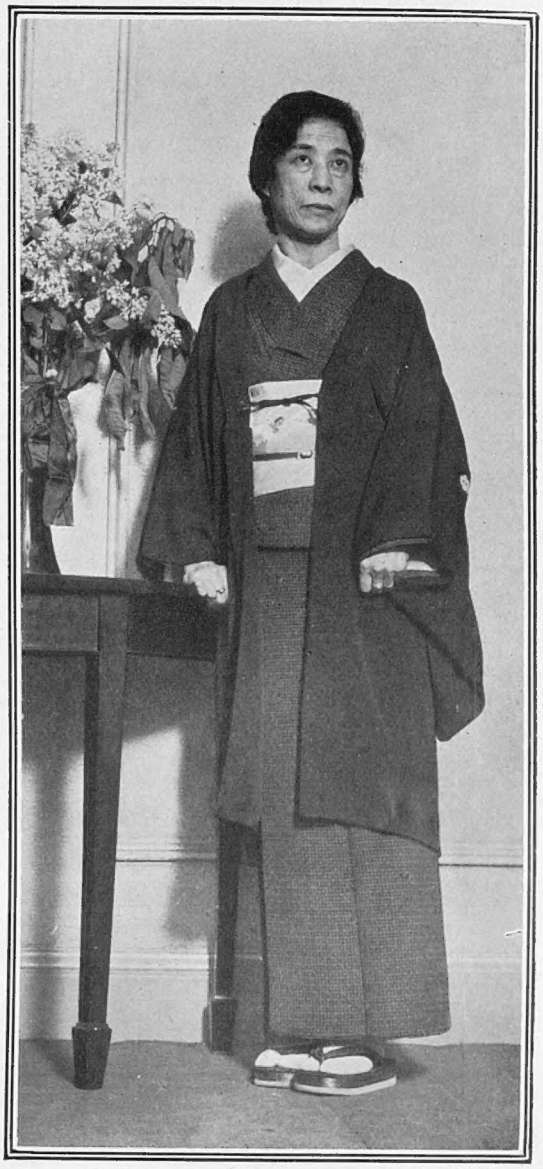
TO THE VISITOR TO BURLINGTON HOUSE.—Do not fail to take the "Sphere" Chronological Chart of Italian artists given in this issue. It will prove helpful

PERSONALITIES *at the* YEAR'S TURN.

Figures at the Luncheon held by the Bribery and Secret Commission Prevention League: Japan's Delegates to the Five-Power Conference: Europe's Beauty Queen Weds: A Figure of the Hunting Field

WHERE HUNTING WAS DELAYED BY FROST: Mrs. Maurice Clutterbuck at the meet of the North Warwickshire at Woolscott, near Rugby

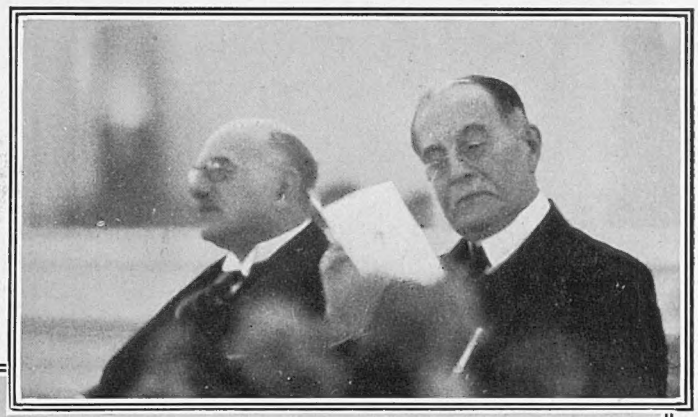
THE WEDDING OF EUROPE'S BEAUTY QUEEN: M. Paul Brammer of Budapest with his bride, Mlle Elisabeth Simone ("Miss Europe"), after their wedding in the Hungarian capital



THE WIFE OF A JAPANESE DELEGATE: Mme Takarabe, the wife of the Minister of Marine

LIEUT.-COLONEL LORD HERBERT SCOTT

VISCOUNT GLENAPP: A guest at the luncheon held at the Savoy Hotel to mark the inauguration of Lord Inchcape's presidency of the Bribery and Secret Commission's Prevention League Incorporated. Another guest is seen inset above



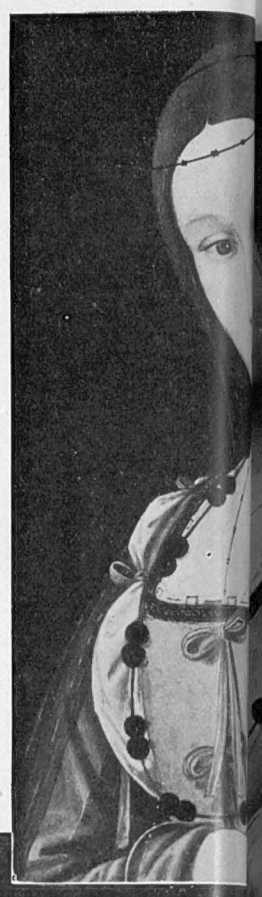
REPRESENTING JAPAN: Admiral Takarabe, Minister of Marine, M. Wakatsuki, a former Prime Minister of the Empire of the Rising Sun, and M. Matsudaira, the Ambassador accredited to the Court of St. James's, caught by the camera at Grosvenor House. Inset above on right *are seen Lord Melchett and the Earl of Crewe at an unconscious moment at the Savoy luncheon which inaugurated Lord Inchcape's presidency of the Bribery and Secret Commission Prevention League*

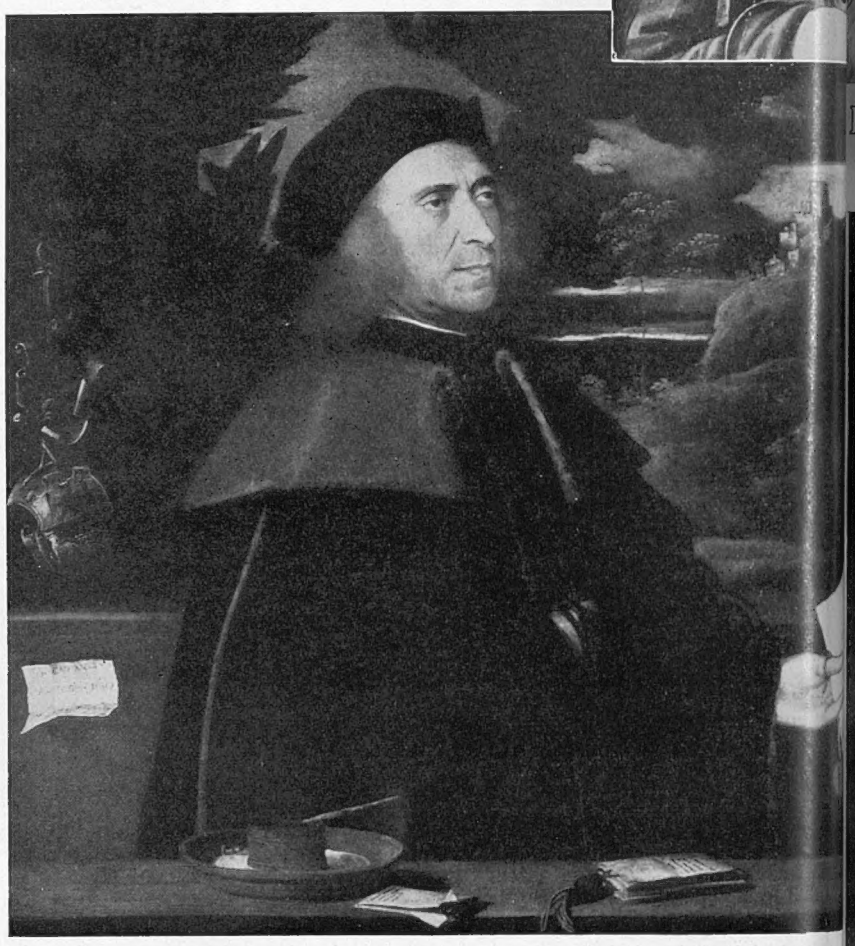
FROM OUTSIDE ITALY

to the Great Italian Art

From Brussels: *"VIRGIN AND CHILD," by* **Duccio.** *This exquisite primitive tempera on wood, by a thirteenth–fourteenth-century artist, hangs in the first gallery. It was lent by M. Adolphe Stoclet*

From Paris: *"PORTRAIT OF A LADY," by* **Pisanello,** *a Venetian*





From Canada: *"PORTRAIT OF A MEMBER OF THE CA FAMILY," by* **Giovanni Cariani de Busis,** *a Venet was an early contemporary of Titian*

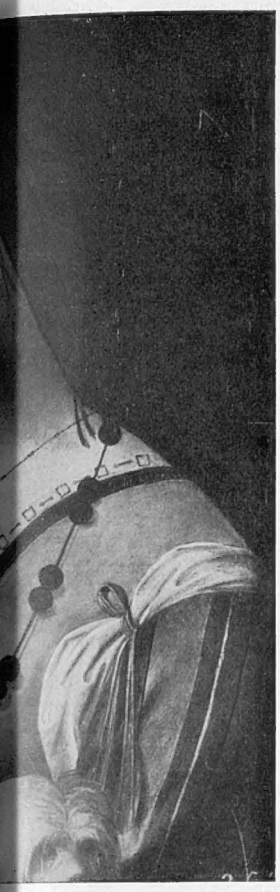
Lent by R. de W. Brixey: *"PORTRAIT OF A GIRL," by* **Lorenzo di Credi.** *This is a fine example of sixteenth-century portraiture*

From the National Gallery, Scotland: *"ADORATION OF THE MAGI," by* **Bas** *late sixteenth-century Venetian who specialised in scenes; a central detail of the picture*

For the third time in the last four years London reveals itself as the Mecca of art-lovers the world over. The present Exhibition of Italian painting, perhaps the most ambitious and comprehensive of its kind, follows hard upon those of Flemish and Dutch Art held in 1927 and 1929 at the Royal Academy. The enthusiasm and admiration excited by these predecessors, and the almost

WHAT the WORLD has SENT

hibition at Burlington House



ent by the King

From Budapest: *PORTRAIT OF CATERINA CORNERO, by* **Gentile Bellini,** *one of the early Venetians.*

On left: *"PORTRAIT OF A GIRL," by* **Lorenzo Costa** *—a pupil of Cossa, of the early Venetian school; the picture comes from Hampton Court*

From Paris: *"VIRGIN AND CHILD," by* **Baldovinetti.** *This glorious canvas, by a Florentine of the late fifteenth century, like the* **Pisanello** *on the left but two, comes from the Louvre*

rom the National allery, Dublin: *"A DECORATIVE GROUP," by* **Piazzetta,** *a Venetian of the eighteenth century — a very typical example of its* genre

Lent by the King of Sweden: *"VIRGIN AND CHILD," by* **Piero Cosimo,** *a distinguished Florentine of the late fifteenth century*

overwhelming popularity they enjoyed at the hands of a large and growing public, increasingly critical but increasingly appreciative, encouraged those who had arranged for these revelations of the art of the north to cast their eyes southward beyond the Alps. Those heavenly twins, Belgium and Holland, for all their originality and national character, for all their personal, individual contribution to the great sum of European culture, like all Western peoples, could not but regard Italy as the cradle of the supreme art of painting. In Italy, in the thirteenth century, modern painting was born; in Italy it "broadened down from precedent to precedent." In the Exhibition it is now the privilege of Londoners and visitors to London to enjoy the most superb examples of the art of Italy from the "primitives," with their glorious blues and golds, to the super-sophistication of the later schools.

WORLD AFFAIRS

An Intimate Causerie *on Items of International Interest*

By **LADY DRUMMOND-HAY**

The Five-Power Conference.—London will be the chief date-line of the Press of the world during the first weeks of the new Year. What promises to develop into the most momentous world-political event of the coming twelve months—the Five-Power Naval Conference—will be opened by King George at St. James's Palace on January 21.

Great Britain, America, France, Italy, and Japan will sit down together to "talk things over" about a mutual agreement on reduction or limitation of naval armaments. The five delegations with their personnel will number around some two hundred people. To Italy falls the distinction of sending the youngest chief of delegation in the person of Foreign Minister Grandi, aged thirty-four.

Meetings and discussions will be reported, criticised, or praised by more than three hundred journalists, including some of the most famous newspaper writers in five continents.

It is to be hoped that this will be an "open conference," and that more than usual wisdom will be exercised to prevent an impression of "secret diplomacy" from being radiated from London.

The significance to the world of an agreement or disagreement, and its bearing upon future history, can hardly be over-stated. To no country will it be of greater importance, especially if the result should be an agreement on the sea between Britain and America, than to us. With each one of the Five Powers having its own ideas of its particular "needs" for security of trade, commerce, and nation, an agreement will not easily be reached. The Conference will call for mutual trust, understanding of the others' peculiar geographical situation, and concessions all round. It will not be easy to agree. It will, in fact, be the greatest "diplomatic game" since Versailles, greater—because Versailles was almost wholly one-sided.

The Conference will be productive of more than one sensation. Renunciation of submarines is one of the demands. Battleships, fleets, may be thrown on the table as trump cards.

Little more than a year ago America charged the Conservative Government of Great Britain with having entered into a secret Naval Pact with France. Now high quarters in Paris, as I learned from personal conversations there a few days ago, express themselves as absolutely convinced that a secret understanding was entered into between Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and President Hoover on the occasion of the Labour Premier's visit to Washington, of which the Naval Conference is the direct result. It is with that suspicion, however groundless, that France is coming to London. An agreement at the Conference between Britain and the United States that does not include a general agreement of the Five Powers is certain to confirm that belief in France.

The great importance of a Five-Power Naval Agreement being reached at the coming Conference is less that by a reduction of naval armaments, an immediate menace to peace is thereby removed, than that it clears a way to the League of Nations Conference for reduction of land armaments.

Public interest will largely be concentrated on the Conference during the several weeks of its sessions, but expectations of pacifists and idealists that a limitation of naval armaments will remove national and international unrest and friction between nations will meet with disappointment.

The British Navy is no menace to peace. Neither are the fleets of the other Four Powers.

The hoped-for agreement would scarcely affect the tension between Italy, Jugo-Slavia, and France. It would have little bearing on the problems of over-population and unemployment in England, Germany, Austria, Italy, and Japan, which furnish fertile soil for Radicalism. It would not remove the friction that grows out of intense rivalry for foreign markets.

KING FUAD, whose domain will be the scene of a great deal of impending discussion

With warm welcome in London to the Conference, and every hope for its success, let us remain objective, and not confuse effect with cause.

Egypt.—With controversy raging in Parliament, Egypt, and many less-directly interested quarters around the proposed Anglo-Egyptian Treaty, the land of the Sphinx looms heavily upon our New Year horizon. This time it is no "storm in a tea-cup," nor can the question be lightly shelved. Issues more vital than the actual agreement clauses of the treaty itself are involved for both countries.

As a definition of Mr. MacDonald's Empire policy and Labour precedent in this Labour Age, the Treaty is a finger-post rather than a milestone in Britain's Imperial history. There seems little doubt that Nahas Pasha will accept it on behalf of the Wafdist Government. Little doubt, too, that he will try to squeeze some more concessions from London before finally agreeing. That is his formal policy whatever his personal feelings or convictions.

The immediate reaction in Egypt to such a Treaty will be to create the urgent need for a strong man to take the helm and guide the ship of State through the confusion of newly-active cross-currents.

While the new status should tend to create, for the first time, real party politics in Egypt in place of traditional "personal politics," the fact remains that Egyptian psychology has not yet had time or sufficient opportunity to adapt itself to party politics as understood in Europe. The Egyptian voter is intensely personal in his politics, and many of the candidates are not entirely disinterested. Both sides require education, guidance, and inspiration in the matter.

Although Islam is the greatest and most practical democracy in the world, the East is not ready—if indeed it ever could adopt it without adaptation—for the democracy of the West.

During the Christmas holidays a well-known Egyptian official declared to me enthusiastically that the Treaty "will wash out the popular idea of nationalism and do away with hostile attitudes towards Britain."

The first needs no "washing out," but merely translating into constructive, progressive channels. The second has flourished mainly amongst the ignorant and impulsive, seldom the result of logical, weighed opinion.

Russia.—The advent of M. Sokolnikoff, Soviet Ambassador to London, quickens public curiosity regarding the "Mystery of Russia."

If Tsarist Russia in its days of glittering, almost oriental splendour, reflected little of Europe, Soviet Russia of merciless experiment, reflects less still. From one extreme to another—the Soviet leaders are seeking to Americanise Russia mechanically and industrially. Europe is not progressive enough for those who formulated the "five-year-scheme" by which it is hoped to achieve an independent Russia by the end of that period. Factories are going up with amazing rapidity, equipped with ultra-modern machinery, and in many cases surrounded by "model dwellings" for workmen. Road repair and construction will gradually open up at least part of the vast country. The Soviet authorities, not unaware of the evils of overcrowding in the cities, promise alleviation under the general scheme.

The greatest obstacle to Soviet internal progress, I am told, is the ineradicable racial tendency to Asiatic inertia and apathy in a large portion of the population. On those grounds the Government claims necessity for criticised force and harshness. The casual visitor in almost every instance is shocked by social and economic conditions in the country. He returns to articulate his unfavourable impressions. Moscow, as inflexible and silent as the vast, desolate Steppes, scorns to reply, shuts the door anew upon mystery land, to work with frienzied effort on the most stupendous economic, social, and political experiment to which modern man has put his hand.

It is hardly for the outsider to judge the internal politics of another country, although free to criticise obvious detrimental or dangerous international effect and influence.

I am persuaded that when Russia throws open her doors she will astound and terrify the world. Russia is not losing her soul. If she were the world would have little to fear, for the robot lasts no longer than its mechanism. Side by side with sinister tales of individual sufferings, tremendous industrial drive, pitiless pursuance of an almost superhuman plan, is the fact that Red Russia is not killing off or even discouraging the torch-bearers of her art, science, and intellectual life. True, they must take the background for the present.

"Culture can wait until we stabilise Communist civilisation," a high Soviet official told a friend of mine in Moscow recently. But in the meantime genius, so long as it is not actively obstructive to the Government, is allowed to pursue art, research, and literature with a degree of toleration, in some cases of actual privilege.

A Pioneer of China.—Unique in China's new womanhood stands the petite, fragile-looking figure of Chang Chi-ying, that is, Chi ying, the daughter of Chang, for in China the family name precedes the personal name. "Chi" means to succeed, "Ying" the best of everything, and Miss Chang is certainly succeeding in blazing a new trail for her feminine contemporaries. Eva Chang, as she likes to be called, is the only Chinese woman in China who is an active newspaper-woman in the Western sense of the idea, and correspondent for the foreign Press.

In a land of some 485,000,000 people, where the Western-educated element can be counted in a few thousands, where girls are still bought and sold as concubines, or mortgaged to sing-song houses for the price of a few months' household budget, it is never surprising to find outstanding feminine personalities as leaders in revolt against the present system, but it is surprising to find a little woman like Eva Chang, calmly and serenely doing "man's work" in the difficult and not always pleasant environment of a "reporter's" beat in Nanking.

I saw her for the first time walking down a scorching, dusty road towards the main street—a small, slim girl in sober-hued Chinese dress, hatless and carrying a huge portfolio. Looking hard at the car in which I was with a couple of colleagues from Shanghai, she began to retrace her steps, and arrived back at her house soon after we had asked for her at the door. "I guessed you were looking for me," she remarked in perfect English. Accustomed to the shyness and reserve of Chinese women, no matter how well educated they may be, Miss Chang's absolute self-assurance and capacity for giving and receiving the informal camaraderie of Western newspaper circles amazed me.

"How do you manage it—here of all places?" I asked her at the first opportunity. "Not easy," she replied. "First of all I have had to break down age-old barriers of prejudice. It was hard to make the Chinese men take a woman seriously in this work, because no one has ever before thought of doing such a thing. Women write in women's magazines nowadays, but a woman political reporter, cabling news every day, was an unknown creature until I pioneered in the field. China is really not ready for women in such fields of enterprise. It is terribly hard work, and at first seemed heart-breaking. But I am determined to maintain and hold the position I have, with much difficulty, created for myself in the hope that I shall encourage other girls in China to take up journalism. You yourself know how hard it is for a woman to 'trespass' on the political field in Europe, so you can imagine how much more difficult it is in China to-day."

Born in Shanghai, educated at the Mission School St. Mary's Hall, she took the Tsing Hua Scholarship and went to Oberlin in 1921. In 1925 she studied journalism at Columbia University.

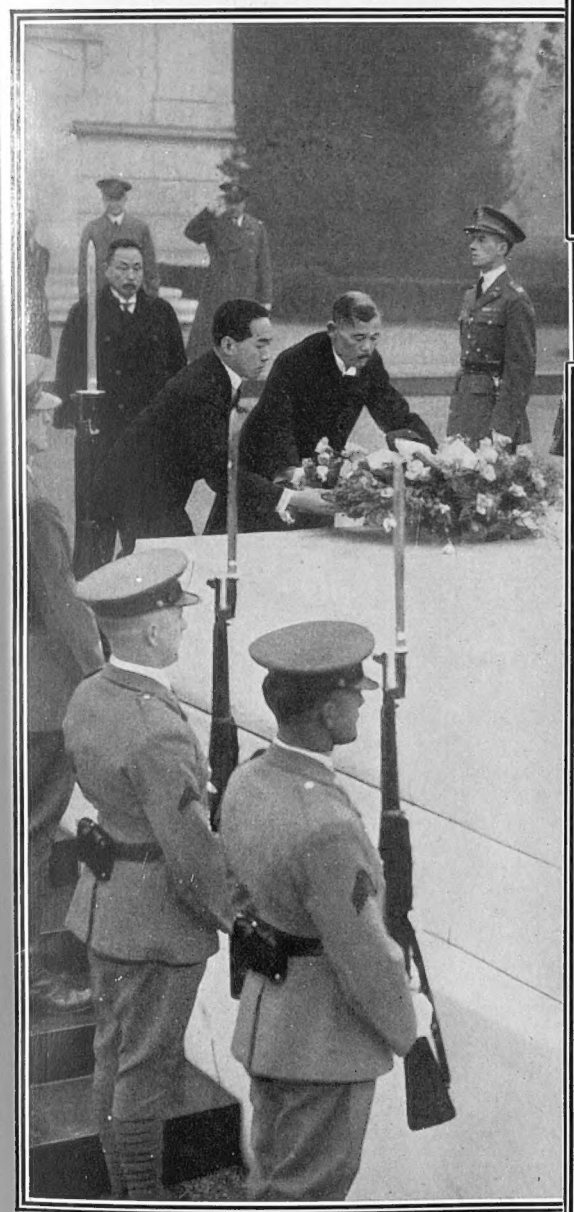
Her real newspaper career as an active correspondent only began last year, when she moved to Nanking as the correspondent of the Kuo Min News Agency and of the *China Weekly Review*.

BY THE FOREIGN POST

The Passing of ex-President Loubet—The Pope's First Emergence—Japan Honours America's Unknown Warrior—Demolition in Boston, Mass.

THE PASSING OF THE MOST POPULAR OF FRENCH PRESIDENTS: The obsequies in the town of Montelimart of ex-President Loubet, who was associated with the late King Edward in the creation of the Entente

THE POPE'S FIRST EMERGENCE FROM THE VATICAN: His Holiness in prayer before the High Altar in the Church of St. John Lateran—the first occasion on which the head of the Roman Catholic Church has left his "prison" since the inception of the now settled Roman Question

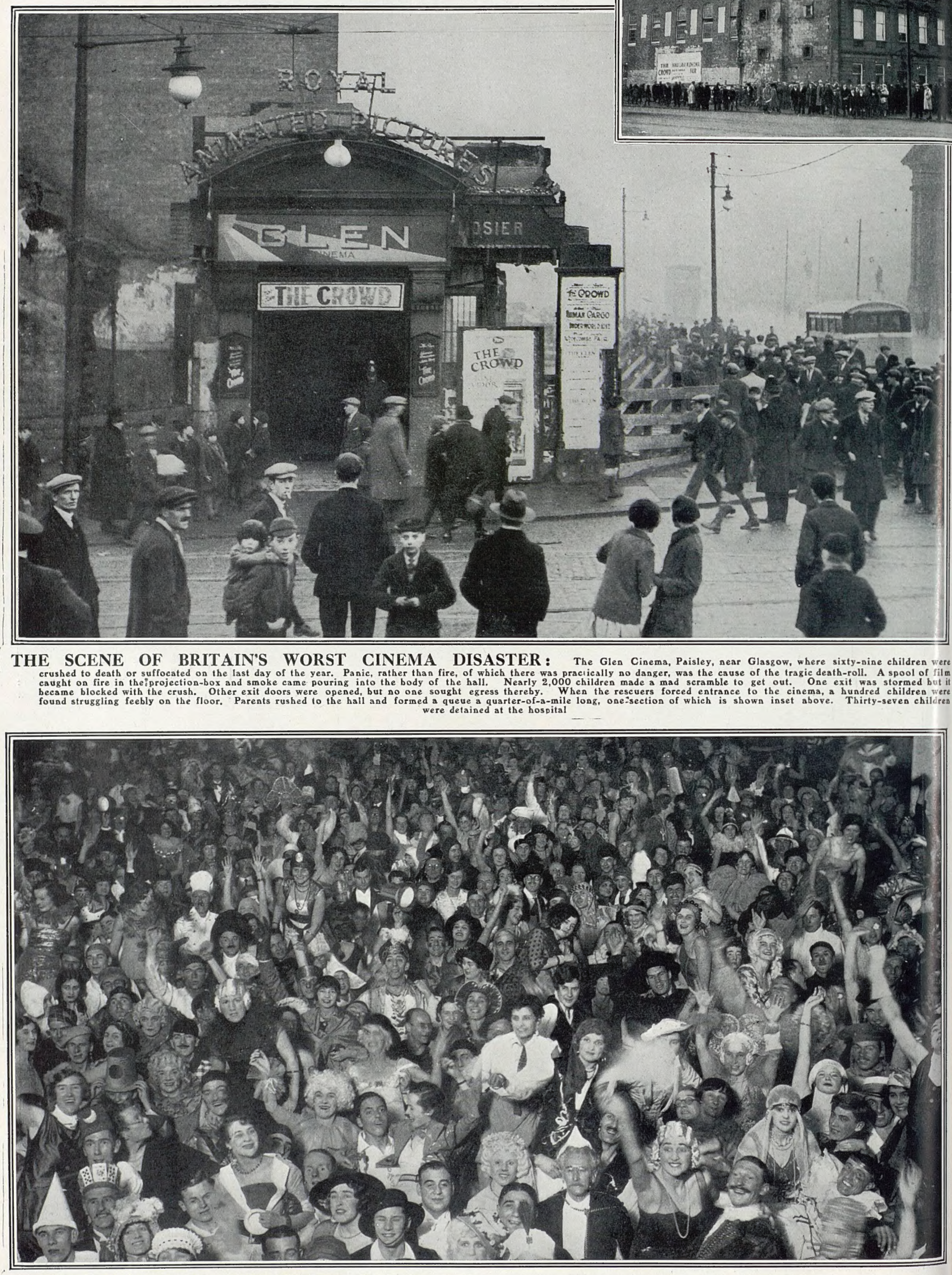


JAPAN PAYS TRIBUTE TO U.S.'S UNKNOWN WARRIOR: The former Premier of Japan, Mr. R. Wakatsuki, the chief Japanese delegate to the London Naval Armament Conference, accompanied by other members of the Delegation, recently paid homage to America's War Dead, when a wreath was placed on the tomb of the Unknown Warrior at Arlington National Cemetery, U.S.A.

A CRASH WORTHY OF THE NAME: The demolition of the old Federal Building, Boston, Massachusetts, was replete with cinema-esque thrills. The destruction of the 150-ton column of granite, brick, and metal provided the greatest of these. It was wrecked by two 85-h.p. steam-shoves. The demolition is the precursor to an ambitious building programme

FIRE PANIC and A CROWD.

A Terrible Lesson in the Need of Discipline From Paisley



THE SCENE OF BRITAIN'S WORST CINEMA DISASTER: The Glen Cinema, Paisley, near Glasgow, where sixty-nine children were crushed to death or suffocated on the last day of the year. Panic, rather than fire, of which there was practically no danger, was the cause of the tragic death-roll. A spool of film caught on fire in the projection-box and smoke came pouring into the body of the hall. Nearly 2,000 children made a mad scramble to get out. One exit was stormed but it became blocked with the crush. Other exit doors were opened, but no one sought egress thereby. When the rescuers forced entrance to the cinema, a hundred children were found struggling feebly on the floor. Parents rushed to the hall and formed a queue a quarter-of-a-mile long, one section of which is shown inset above. Thirty-seven children were detained at the hospital

THE CLIMAX OF THE YEAR'S GAIETY: A scene at the Chelsea Arts Ball, held at the Albert Hall, where 6,000 people were present

1929—the year the back of which has been so welcome a sight—lived up to its unenviable reputation in providing the worst cinema disaster Britain has ever known. This was due almost entirely to panic. In contrast to the tragedy shown above, we present below a glimpse of the hilarious crowd of over 6,000 which ushered in the New Year at the Albert Hall. As the latter can be emptied even of such a throng, providing discipline be maintained, in a very few minutes, the tragedy of a crowd one-third the size is rendered the more poignant. There is a crying need for the inculcation of a strict form of drill throughout the Empire. Panic, with its attendant disasters, can be kept at bay only by such means. As a liner holds practice life-boat drill so every institution should hold practice fire-drills, such as the L.C.C. schools have established.

MUCH OLDER *than the* AZTECS:

THE TO-ACHTO-PAYOTLACA

Carved Stone Tablets and Ancient Civilisation in the Valley of Mexico

By DUDLEY R. HOOPER

A MASK OF THE NAHUA CULTURE: This terra-cotta mask is painted yellow with ear ornaments of flowers. Its demensions are 8 by 4½ in. It was found at Tlaltelco, 4 miles north-west of Mexico City

In Mexico and Central America are located perhaps the more complete remains of the older prehistoric civilisations of the world. The American continents, however, witnessed a civilisation before the soils of Europe and Africa were trodden by the foot of man.

The Valley of Mexico has long been recognised as a prolific field for archæological research, and in the past has yielded prehistoric treasures unequalled in the world from civilisations long since vanished from the earth. Prominent among these are the Calendar Stone, the small terra-cotta images showing racial differentiations, together with many others. But of even more importance to the scientific world are the carved stone tablets discovered in the north-western part of the valley by the Scotch mineralogist, William Niven. This scientist had spent over twenty years investigating the ancient ruins in the State of Guerrero, and it was on his return to Mexico City from these explorations in the year 1910 that he located the remains of buried cities near Azcapotzalco, approximately four miles north of the capital and in the Federal District of Mexico.

Mr. Niven's labours in the Valley of Mexico near Azcapotzalco were a material aid in effecting a revision of the chaotic conception of Mexican ancient civilisations. His excavations clearly showed that there were but five major classifications, the names of which, proceeding from the most ancient, are as follows:—To-achtopayotlaca, Mongoloide, Tlachijchique, Chichimeca, and Nahua. These names, in the indigenous tongue, have been given to the former civilisations of Mexico by Professors Ramon Mena and Miriano J. Royas, both of the Museo Nacional, as being the most descriptive of the peoples involved as ascertained from their remains and in the light of present knowledge of Mexican archæology. All of these names are very well chosen with the possible exception of Tlachijchique. No doubt a better name could have been given to this civilisation had the characteristics of the race been more fully understood.

In most places evidences of these civilisations are found sufficiently well defined to isolate and classify the type without difficulty when considered palæontologically. The approximate depth and nature of the strata containing their artifacts are shown in the following table:

Civilisation.	*Depth of Strata.*	*Nature of Strata.*
Nahua	Superficial	Sandy soil.
Chichimeca	½—1·15 metres	Soil mixed with some sand and gravel. Sometimes pumice is noted.
Tlachijchique	1·15—2·50 metres	Sandy soil. Fragments of adobe, cement walls and floors. Sometimes natural strata of sedimentary pumice is met.
Mongoloide	2·50—3·50 metres	Soil growing more and more sandy.
Primitive To-achtopayotlaca	or 3—4—5 metres	Sand.

The carved stone tablets are attributed to the To-achtopayotlaca, since they were all found in and under the strata containing other of the remains of these people. The To-achtopayotlaca were the original inhabitants of Mexico, as their name signifies, meaning in the Nahuatl tongue "Our First People." The stratum in which this civilisation is represented consists of pure consolidated water-deposited sand of volcanic origin and is the final stratum, below which there is nothing but geological soil. The depth of this stratum is not constant, being at 3 metres and again as deep as 30 metres or more. In this material are found skeletons, broken pottery, and small terra-cotta heads and figures. Their artifacts and remains are also found beneath the Pedregal flow near San Angel, and this means that primitive man had settled in the Valley of Mexico before the eruption of the volcano Xictli, the source of the basaltic lava sheet covering that portion of the valley from San Angel to near Ajusco, which is known as the Pedregal. There can be no doubt that the To-achtopayotlaca is the oldest civilisation of Mexico. The date that they entered the Valley of Mexico may be put at approximately 5950 B.C. as determined by geo-palæontological methods.

A RELIC FOUND AT CHIMALPA: This stone with its red inscriptions was found 5 m. down

That these people were colonisers and settlers is evidenced by the fact that their remains are found, not only in almost all of the States of Mexico, but also in South America as far south as the Argentine. They had a high degree of intelligence, although in practical application they exhibited a condition that can only be attributed to the lack of necessary experience. An example of this is shown by their apodus vessels, which are very crude in design, without necks and wholly lacking in artistic contour. In later layers these improve somewhat.

The To-achtopayotlaca were apparently a white race having broad faces and heads, with eyes that were either oblique or questionably horizontal. They originated and came from a land situated in the Pacific Ocean which is now almost entirely under water, having met this fate through a cataclysmic disturbance of volcanic nature. This disturbance of nature is mentioned in the *Egyptian Book of the Dead*. The eastern boundary of this now sunken continent was apparently very close to the shores of Mexico and Central America, and the original colonisers traversed the intervening water in small boats. This lost continent, and not Mesopotamia, was without doubt the cradle of the human race. Mute evidences remain to show that a high state of civilisation existed there; Easter Island, with its huge monolithic statuary and ancient roads, was a part of this now forgotten land.

The first carved tablet was found at San Miguel Amantla on June 10, 1921, 4 metres from the surface. Since that time 2,578 tablets have been unearthed, together with many other artifacts of the various civilisations which had made the Valley of Mexico their home in the distant past. The tablets generally were found at a depth of 4 or 5 metres, and in all cases were face upwards and covered with a coating of fine clay.

These tablets are done on volcanic stone, deeply carved in colours, red, and yellow, with inscriptions, figures, faces, and glyphic representations. The carvings may be considered as symboglyphic in character with hieratic inscriptions intermingled. Different stages of To-achtopayotlaca development are shown by the different styles of inscriptions used on the tablets.

That these people were well acquainted with the sciences is attested by the tablets, some of which contain scientific information of an advanced nature. It is remarkable to note that in picturing the Earth they always showed it as nearly round in shape, whereas as late as the day of Christopher Columbus it was popularly believed to have been flat. Some of the tablets refer to astronomical matters, some to the workings of the universe, while others deal with subjects of a more local nature. Tablet No. 1231 shows that all of the revolving bodies in the universe do so from west to east in the same manner as our Earth. It also shows that the basic forces governing the activities of the universal system are four in number and their names are: centrifugal, gyroscopical, and two magnetic forces. All other forms of energy are derivations from these four basic forces.

The To-achtopayotlaca and Mongoloide races may be considered, for all general purposes, as practically the same, although it must be understood that the Mongoloide race arrived in Mexico at a later period, and probably migrated from the mainland of Asia. They fused with the remainder of the To-achtopayotlaca, a great number of which perished in the volcanic upheavals of which Xictli was representative, and it was this combination which witnessed the beginning of the Tlachijchique, whose remains indicate the highest type of civilisation that existed in the Valley of Mexico.

The beginning of the Tlachijchique civilisation may be put at approximately 3800 B.C., or about in the reign of Ka-Kau mentioned in the Egyptian list of kings. They were, without doubt, contemporary with the Mayan civilisation of Yucatan and Central America. To them properly belong all of the works formerly attributed to the Toltecs, such as temples, etc., the Texcalpan, and the pyramids of Teotihuacan. Their remains are abundant and their artistry fully developed and complete. They are characterised by ornate headgear and their figures are entirely clothed. During the early stages of the Tlachijchique civilisation there were numerous members of the two preceding civilisations but these rapidly came under the domination of the Tlachijchique, and they grew numerically less as time went on until they were almost eliminated. The Tlachijchique civilisation lasted about 1,300 years, when it was completely destroyed by a cataclysm which left only the magnificent remains which have baffled scientists up to this present time. The nature of this cataclysm is shown by the strata near Azcapotzalco, and it included in its scope the Mayan civilisation with its tributaries in South America.

After the Tlachijchique, the Valley of Mexico was uninhabited for a period until the Chichimeca and kindred tribes filtered in from the north. The Chichimeca were a savage race and the stratum bearing their remains is most sterile of all. Their name means "Savage Dogs" and they were tall people of a warlike nature.

FOUND AT CALACOAYA: The inscriptions on this relic are in red. It was found 5 metres down

WHERE THE RESTLESS SPIRIT OF SUN YAT-SEN RESTS AT LAST: The approach to the Great Tomb

CHANGE Comes to the Changeless EAST.

Occidental Enterprise has Created a Fear which is Driving the Orient into Strange Woods and Pastures New

By H. PRESTON GILES

The proverbially changeless East is in process of undergoing important changes, as a result of the effects on the East of the progress that is being made in every direction in the West.

Only one thing could bring about this drastic departure from the policy of "let alone," so dear to the heart of the indolent Easterner. This is an overpowering sentiment of Fear—fear of the result of the tremendous efforts of Europe and America to outlaw war, to eliminate waste, and to reach a state of super-civilisation. The East fears that it may be forgotten—or rather that it may automatically drop out, because of inability to keep up with the other runners of the splendid race that is going on in the West to-day.

Is this fear groundless? It cannot be said it is absolutely. First of all, of course, due allowance must be made for the great divergence of thought between East and West. Secondly, it must be kept in mind that the East regards the work of the big Powers of the West as an advance towards one huge combination of the whole white race. The League of Nations, because of the presence there of Eastern nations, the East regards as mere camouflage; or certainly as nothing more than an international Parliament, in embryo, of the West.

Are the people of the East capable of assimilating the civilisation of the West? Not for many generations to come, and even then only superficially. It is too big a change for the Eastern peoples to depart from the traditions and ways which have been handed down to them from father to son from time immemorial. They regard change of any sort with abhorrence and suspicion; but change that leans in the direction of Western ideas is anathema to them. Yet they realise that they must change or suffer the consequences.

There has been ample evidence during the last year or more of the effect which any change has on the impassive but fiery people of the East. As an example Afghanistan may be cited. And in all other countries which have been the scene of disturbance of late there are signs that powerful elements are prompting changes in one direction or another. In India it is the perennial question of Home Rule, in Egypt of independence, in Palestine of the encroachment, real or imagined, of the Jews and the Arabs on one another's domains. All these questions evolve from the fear of change, and liberty is required to stave off the dreaded spectre. In China, too, it is the struggle to accommodate themselves to new conditions that is causing constant turmoil. Life in the East is unsuited to Western civilisation, the East could and will, if it is left alone to do so, go on in the way that it has been doing for centuries.

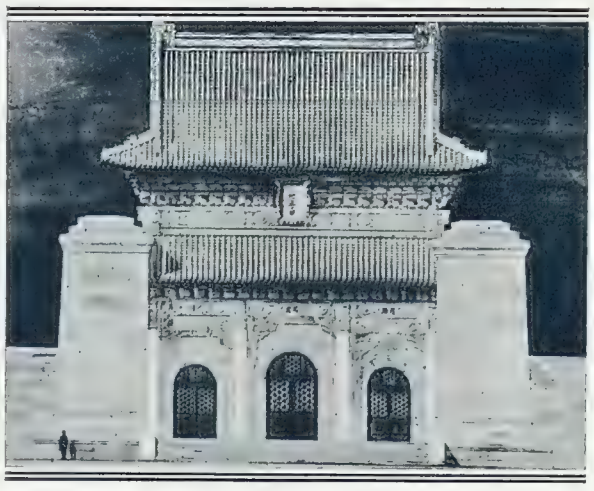
But there are other reasons why the East fears the spread of Western progress. To understand these it must be realised what the conditions are amongst the seething millions of Asia and Africa. The vast majority of them eke out a miserable enough existence by toiling with their hands for some eighteen hours every day. Now, with the West's progress, unskilled manual labour will gradually be eliminated and replaced by machinery. This has already been done in some parts, some of them the most out-of-the-way corners of darkest Asia and Africa on an insignificant scale. But as new discoveries are made, so the living of all but a chosen few will become still more precarious than it is already to-day. It is true that the people mostly concerned know little of all this, but there are not lacking those who, because they live like vampires on the toiling millions of the East will make it their business to rouse the ignorant masses to rebellion.

The inevitable outcome of the state of affairs in the East to-day, unless of course there are great changes, may well be a union of all its people, irrespective of race, colour, or creed. Fear may prove to be the bond that will break down all the barriers which seem unbreakable now, as the Koran united the heterogeneous tribes of the Arab peninsula in the seventh century. This is the only logical conclusion; it is no idle prophecy.

Japan is a comparatively recent instance, and perhaps the only one of its kind, where fear—of America—has brought about the union of scattered people, having few interests in common, if not actually antagonistic to one another, though of course in fact their strength is the outcome of their unity.

Finally, there is the question of Islam, which can never be separated from the affairs of the East as a whole. If proof were needed, as probably it is to those not well acquainted with the East, the disclosures made at various inquiries into the causes of the recent disturbances of the East demonstrate that religious fanaticism is rife amongst all sections of Islam, and that a movement — not unlikely with its headquarters at one of the chief shrines of Islam, the Mosque of Omar at Jerusalem — is on foot, with the object of closer co-operation of all Moslems. The ultimate object is probably the re-instatement of a Caliph of Islam.

Islam has not recovered from the blow which Kemal Pasha's deposition of the Caliph and Sultan Abdul Hamid was to it, and there can be no doubt that the day must come when the Caliphate becomes a power in the world again. Bolshevism too is a force to be reckoned with still in the East, though we are inclined to overlook it; and the activities of Moscow are an additional factor in the mystery which surrounds British policy in the East to-day. It is no secret that there are two powerful bodies which sway that policy — Islam itself and Jewry, making certain actions and the abstention from certain others comprehensible though not agreeable.



THE TOMB OF CHINA'S "SAVIOUR": The body of Dr. Sun Yat-Sen was placed inside this tomb in the most spectacular national funeral ceremony in the history of China. The structure is located near Nanking on the Purple Hill and is surrounded by a great park

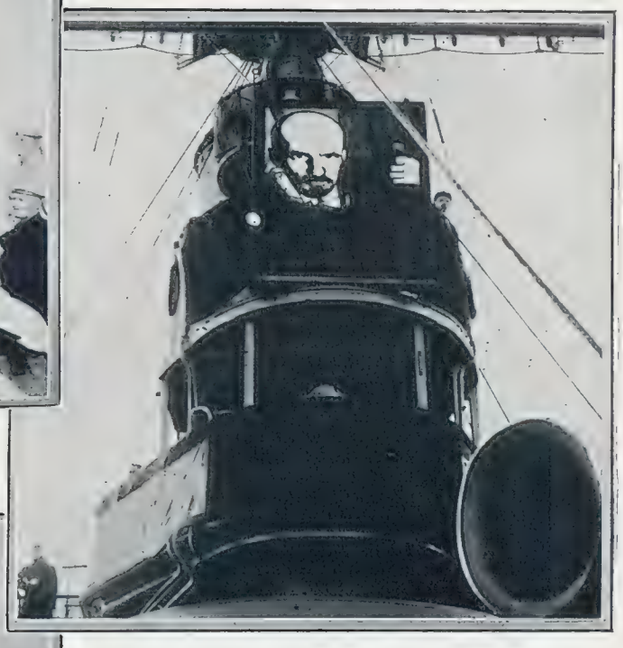
"A LIFE on the *Russian* WAVE"

Striking Pictures Displaying Life in the Soviet Navy—Scenes from the Chinese Front

PICTORIAL PROPAGANDA: The museum of the Red Army used for propaganda purposes at the behest of the P.U.R. (Political Department of the Revolutionary War Council). A group of peasants are receiving a lecture on the operations on the Manchurian frontier. The use of illustration is a favourite Soviet propaganda device

THE FUNERAL OF A RED PLATOON-COMMANDER: Comrade Kim, a Korean who knew Chinese, commanded the foe to lay down their arms during a battle—an order they obeyed. Kim was subsequently killed

LEISURE MOMENTS IN THE RUSSIAN NAVY: The sailors on the battleship *Marat* (named after a hero of another revolution !) amuse themselves when off duty by singing "Chastushki"—the "Volkslieder" of Russia—and dramatic dancing—a distinct difference from procedure in other navies to say the least



THE GOD OF RUSSIA: A portrait of Lenin set up in state on board the cruiser *Aurora*

SPANISH DANCES ON A RUSSIAN BATTLESHIP: One is tempted to wonder what the Lords of the Admiralty and, more especially, the Sea Lords, would say were such practices as this current in the British Navy, and considering how jealously photographic pictures are guarded by the Red authorities, it displays how astonishingly low a type of discipline is regarded as satisfactory

The revelations of the astonishing behaviour permitted by the powers that be to sailors in the Russian Navy will come as a good deal of a shock to those nurtured in the traditions of our Senior Service. The lack of discipline and even the character of the amusements indulged in by the Jack Tars of Muscovy include Spanish dances in costume ! The strictness of the Soviet censorship lends additional force to these pictures, for the authorities are very chary of letting out of Russia any information that might reflect on the regime established by Lenin. If, therefore, such pictures as these are circulated, one shudders to think to what depths discipline actually does sink when no reporters are present

DESOLATION IN
from the site of D
on the Park. The ho

HISTORIC HOUSES OF MAYFAIR
Appearing and Disappearing.

It is remarkable how few people in London avail themselves of the opportunity offered by the removal of some noted building to obtain a new and altogether unusual view of the buildings on the adjacent site. For this reason this picture, which "The Sphere" has prepared, will undoubtedly appeal as a novelty to its readers, presenting as it does the coup d'œil *of the houses revealed by the demolition of Dorchester House. At the south end of the site is Tilney Street, with, next to it, narrow, winding Deanery Street, which was originally a rural bye-road and even to-day contains only a few small houses on one side. Standing up are the backs of the dwellings in South Audley Street, close by, the beginning of Park Street, originally known as Hyde Park Street. All these streets are more or less rich with memories of distinguished men and women who inhabited the houses in them. From many points of view South Street is perhaps the most famous of those clustering thoroughfares, for at No. 39 dwelt Lord Melbourne, who was Prime Minister of England in the year Queen Victoria came to the throne, and in the early days of her reign might not inaptly be described as Her Majesty's guide, philosopher, and friend. Near by, at No. 36, dwelt Mademoiselle d'Este, the daughter of the Duke of Sussex, while No. 33 was the home of Lord Holland, the distinguished Member of Parliament. At 22 lived Beau Brummell, unquestionably the greatest of the Beaus, whose reputation was such that Byron declared "I would rather be Brummell than Bonaparte." Although Beau Nash ruled Bath, Brummell was the arbiter of fashion in London and has immortalised his name by some notable mots, two of the most famous of which related to the Prince Regent.*

At No. 10 lived Florence Nightingale, "the lady with a lamp," whose life furnished the subject of a recent play and whose statue stands in Waterloo Place, by the Crimean Monument. The most noted of the residents of Tilney Street was Soane Jenyns, the famous essayist, poet, and M.P. for Cambridge, who although he had a reputation for never saying an unkind thing, did perpetrate this scathing epitaph on Dr. Johnson:—

Here lies Sam Johnson. Reader, have a care,
Tread lightly, lest you wake a sleeping bear.
Religious, moral, generous, and humane,
He was but self-sufficient, proud, and vain;
Fond of and overbearing in dispute,
A Christian and a scholar—but a brute."

At No. 6 lived Mrs. Fitzherbert, the unacknowledged wife of George IV, who died in 1837 and left the house to the members of the famous Damer family; while at No. 5 lived Lord Yarmouth, who later succeeded his father as the Marquis of Hertford. When first built, Deanery Street was known as Dean and Chapel Street, and in it also for a time lived Mrs. Fitzherbert. Although it is only the backs of South Audley Street that are visible, it is worth recalling that from the time it was built in 1728 its houses have been tenanted by the highest families, by diplomatists and by distinguished foreigners. Charles X of France lived here in exile at No. 72, and so did Louis XVIII, although the house has apparently not been identified; while Queen Charlotte, the consort of George IV, spent some time in one of its houses, and the Duke of York lived for a while at Cambridge House, which was known later as Curzon House, and in the chapel on the east side of the street was buried Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, the famous "blue-stocking."

By FERDINAND TUOHY.—II

In the first instalment of this article, published last week, Mr. Tuohy chose at random some of the things that struck him most forcibly on his return to his native London: this week he continues his illuminating discourse. In Part I he treated of the new entertainments; the American influence; the new Regent Street; the new Empire; War Memorials; and the Climate

The House of Commons.—Alarming. I had not been in since the days of—

"The land, the land! 'twas God who gave the land"

and I am fearful lest alien visitors may imagine our comportment and appearance to be in decay.

The Dearness of Living.—Many things are better in this country, but the prices asked are not easily understandable. Though it is hardly a fair test, one finds that with sterling in both cases, one is approximately three times less endowed in London than in France. A surer comparison: I should say French people get things on the whole one-third cheaper. Taxis here are alone cheaper. Where does all the money come from that one sees being spent? Scant sign of depression, of unemployment, on the surface at any rate; beggars greatly down in number from the time when a whole slice of the ex-B.E.F. seemed to be singing or standing in the gutter. The streets never so crowded with Christmas shoppers. The shops never so gay and enticing. A stroll between five and six holds its own with the centre of any capital.

Partly, perhaps, because—whatever have changed in their environment Londoners remain most courteous easy-going of city-dwellers. They rush nicely compared with others. about all the spending? Can it be sim that more people are doing it and individually spending as much? Perh there have been savings here and th allowing for extra outlay? A deal w on stimulant that doesn't now, wh

DEMOLITION INVOLVES REVELATION: Ital anate mansion with which the name of Holford is

NE: This view, looking north se, shows South Street abutting halcony is that once occupied by ptingale

LONDON HAS CHANGED

Wireless evenings in the home may be the instrument of saving up for sorties. Whatever the cause, London is living *out* much more than it used to, a far greater animation resulting, if also an increasing garishness.

The Petrol Age.—Fitting about two hundred times into the United States, England is going to feel the force of motor-transport more staggeringly than any other land. If London is at present in better case than Paris, France is as a desert beside the English countryside, the vanishing of which (those ghastly arterial roads!) is the home-comer's saddest jolt. Motor-coaches ply here in a number unheard-of elsewhere. I had not seen one until I saw about twenty hurtling down Knightsbridge in procession. They take one's breath away (in two senses). London's buses are the best-driven and fastest anywhere; its cars as good-looking as any, and cheaper than most. The traffic blocks are not as bad as one had been led to suppose. What with metal lines and arrows on the roadway, and one-way streets and "cross here please," and coolness and Robert, there would be no further problem did things remain static. Robert is still supreme; he has also grown taller, and possibly less ingratiating than of yore. Perhaps his head has been slightly turned by the limelight emanating from the spate of crime fiction. "How to Murder your Aunt." "How to Blackmail the Master." It is all indirectly taught now. And by master minds. Which brings me to—

Newspapers.—Dog may not eat dog, but have we not here a deterioration in what the public is getting—I don't know if they want it, probably yes? Take this German business. I come back to find London fairly fondling old man Fritz. I am certain this sudden turn mystifies Germans as much as it puts back the word "perfide" on other lips. Personally I like to ascribe matters to an imported emotionalism nurtured by the stunt Press. Fair do's and bygones, bygones are all right, but hang it all, one needn't *kiss* the fellow. There are also several million relatives to be considered. The whole of this War craze is pure American. Rush it all out in lashings. And kill public interest prematurely. Another reflection: Do not Londoners now overdepend upon trashy chitchat and rely on it inordinately as the basis of conversation. What on earth does it matter how much Miss Flimsy Bimsy is earning in Los Angeles? "Conversation" is apt to be in fits and starts—personalia, motors, parties—and one has to machine-gun one's way into it. People also seem to want to be taken notice of publicly much more than in reticent pre-War days.

Another sign of the newspaper times had for its setting Fleet Street. A quartette of the post-War journalistic incubation was gathered together. They were talking newspaper shares. In our day we hardly knew who owned the paper, or cared. However, one thing unique to London, the newspaper placard, prompts the reflection that the most conservative institution we possess is sport.

"All Winners!" "M.C.C. Close of Play." "F.A. Cup Draw." "Another 1,000 Break." "Big Fight, Latest."

One might be back in halcyon Edwardian days, and before. If either of those innovations, dog-racing and the horribly-named dirt-track racing still flourish, they do not do so on the contents bills.

In New York the two first questions for visitors are the skyline and American women. Speaking, one might say as a travelled foreigner, English-women as I have seen them in London are the best looking and the best turned out to be found to-day (some time the Parisienne myth will be exploded). I don't care if they've gone back to Old Bill fashions in gum boots, they have the cheeks and the eyes and the stride and the jollity of health, though what happens now when they open their mouths I cannot say. I read this morning that "the War type of girl who was a pal is out-of-date." Well, here's one, at any rate, who looks towards her.

Which puts me in mind of that which, all in all, strikes one the most—the missing generation. It is now that one begins to notice so patently the void in the streets. Sometimes men between thirty and forty instinctively glance up at one another in passing, as if conscious of a bond, of their depleted ranks.

For the rest, the indoor winter comfort of London stands alone; one smiles at the late and leisurely rising compared with other capitals; there's a thrill in seeing aeroplanes for sale in shop-windows, and the ex-Bright Young People's taking to the clouds in the wake of Prince and Premier is as cheerful a symptom as the vogue of ice and sports clubs. I much prefer the erstwhile "Number, please!" to these disk gadgets; there's a distressing undulation and affectation among juvenile masculinity; people smoke more and more—pipes put on in Piccadilly and women puffing cigarettes as they flit in and out of cars. If the cocktail party have for one effect the eradication of superfluous tea-gorging, it will not have been in vain. "Pretty violets, sir?" and "All fares," each in their unique pronunciation, are voices from the past, and London from being "a man's town" may be changing its gender.

Special "Sphere" Picture

es with their dormer windows and tiled roofs which are such a feature of Deanery Street are visible from Park Lane now that Dorchester House, that iated, is no more. On the extreme right is one of the most luxurious blocks of flats, with each floor a complete entity. The departure of Dorchester House is one of London's most outstanding changes

HISTORY'S *Greatest* HORSEMAN.

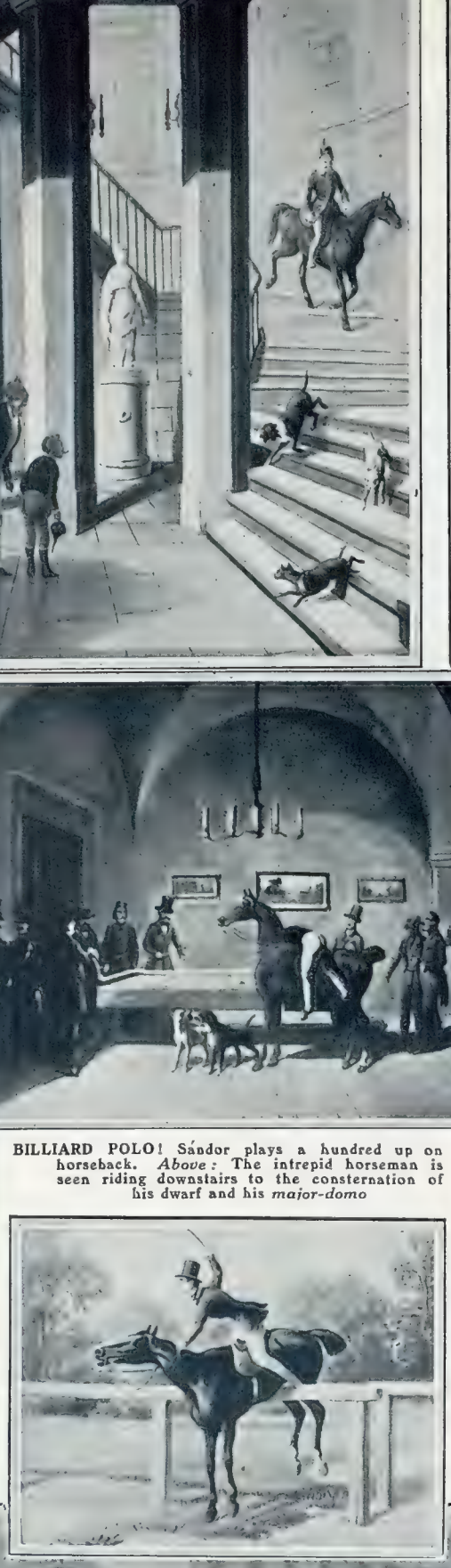
The Unique Pictorial Record of the Exploits of Graf Moritz Sandor

OVER CROSSED BAYONETS: Having contravened orders, Graf Sándor put his horse at the gap between the sentinels and escaped. His favourite dictum was: "Who needs to learn to ride will never learn"

A HAIR-RAISING EXPLOIT: Mounted on his horse, Tartar, Graf Sándor endeavoured to turn into a narrow gallery; failing, he backed his mount, which made as if to jump into the courtyard. While poised precarious on the edge, Sándor whirled his steed and rode down the stairs

BILLIARD POLO! Sándor plays a hundred up on horseback. *Above:* The intrepid horseman is seen riding downstairs to the consternation of his dwarf and his *major-domo*

A DOUBLE SOMERSAULT: On one of his rare tosses Sándor was thrown on his head. On finding his horse had also suffered a cranial tumble he burst into roars of delighted laughter



CHEATING DEATH: Sándor turned a bolting horse in mid-air as the beast leaped into a stone quarry, saving his life by a hair's-breadth

"UP AND OVER": One of the most spectacular exploits of Graf Sandor was the clearing of three horses abreast. *Inset above:* Yet another exploit of this cavalier is pictorially chronicled

Graf Moritz Sándor, who was born over a century ago, was the last of the daring cavaliers who undertook breakneck follies merely for the thrill of the danger. Known all over the world as the most celebrated horseman, he was so notorious that the Viennese called him the "Devil's Riding Master," and the Hungarian peasants crossed themselves when the Graf leapt on his thoroughbred right over a country cart drawn by three horses. Many people believed that Sándor learnt to ride before he learnt to walk—but in truth he never learnt riding—he swung himself on a horse and it became part of him. His father, a man of extreme severity, refused to allow his son to have anything to do with horses. This regime was observed during his lifetime, but no sooner was he dead and Sándor had become the owner of the ancestral property, than he purchased an English thoroughbred. When warned that there were certain things to learn about riding before venturing on an excitable animal he only laughed—"Who has to learn how to ride will never learn," he said, as he leapt on the horse. To the astonishment of the onlookers he presently took off the saddle and jumped many stiff hurdles. The stories of his prowess on horseback were not confined to his own country, but spread over the world. He became the idol of youth, the sorrow of women, and the terror of children. Hence he was soon the most sought-after young man by the Society of that day who held it high honour to be seen in his company. By the mediocre he was detested. Sándor's most famous exploits were depicted by the animal artist, J. G. Prestel, in a book containing 150 pictures. Two hundred and fifty copies of this book were presented by the Graf to his friends, with whose families they lie hidden in private castles. It very rarely appears in the market; reproductions from it appear above. His end was tragic. He who had so often jested with death, was paid out without mercy. In 1850 the Graf was living in Vienna when he was suddenly seized with brain disease. His mania was so dangerous that he had to be put under restraint. After a period in a lunatic asylum at Prague he was brought back to Vienna, where he remained in living death for twenty years. On March 3, 1878, six of his horses were ready at Gran to take him for his last journey. But Sándor could not go to his grave without another feat of horsemanship. The horses shied at the station and bolted with the coffin in headlong flight right up to Sándor's family vault.

WATCH and WARD in the LIGHTHOUSE TOWER

Through the Storms of December at the Channel's Mouth

A SENTINEL OF THE SEA: The Longships Lighthouse two miles off shore at Land's End, seen from the mainland a few days ago. At times the Atlantic rollers run so high that it disappears from view in a cloud of spray

RELIEVED AT LAST: The lighthouse-keepers at the Vieille Lighthouse off the stormy coast at Brest. Owing to the gale it was impossible to revictual them for twenty-seven days, and when the relief ship, owned and skippered by M. Coquet, finally reached them, the task was only accomplished by superb seamanship

REVICTUALLING: The scene at the Vieille Lighthouse when M. Coquet's ship finally reached the rocky eminence. M. Marzin, one of the two marooned lighthouse-keepers, is seen pulling up the water sack containing the necessities of life. The sea can be seen washing the base of the lighthouse

ISOLATED BY THE GALE: The Vieille Lighthouse at Brest. She is well-named *The Old*, as a comparison with more modern beacons of the sea obviously displays

A LIFEBOAT AT BAY: The St. Mary's (Scilly Isles) lifeboat battling with the 100-m.p.h. gale. She made her way through overwhelming seas sixteen miles south of her base to take an injured man off a vessel in distress. Her first two attempts were in vain, but the third time she gained her objective, only to find that the transfer could not be made

RAPHAEL: A detail of the portrait of Perugino, from the Borghese Gallery, Rome

HOW to PLACE the ITALIAN PAINTERS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

A Special "Sphere" Chart Enabling the Reader to Locate Rapidly the Place of an Artist in the History of Italian Art

COMPILED BY R. H. WILENSKI

By ANTONELLO DA MESSINA: A detail of the portrait of an Unknown, from Milan

DATE	Florentine	Milanese and Roman	Venetian	Other Schools
1300—1400	**Lorenzo Monaco** B. Daddi Taddeo Gaddi Spinello Aretino		Jacobello del Fiore	**Duccio** (Siena) A. Lorenzetti (Siena) P. Lorenzetti (Siena) **Simone Martini** (Siena) Agnolo Gaddi (Siena) Baronzio (Rimini)
1400—1450	**Fra Angelico** Uccello Pesellino **Gentile da Fabriano** Masolino **Masaccio** Castagno Benozzo Gozzoli (died 1498) **Donatello** (died 1466) **Verrocchio** (died 1488) **Luca della Robbia** Filippo Lippi		Stefano da Zevio (Verona) Pisano or Pisanello (Verona) Squarcione (Padua) Giambono (Venice) Gentile Bellini (Venice) (died 1507)	Sassetta (Siena) Giovanni di Paolo (Siena) Bonfigli (Siena)
1450—1500	A. Pollaiulo Baldovinetti Ghirlandajo **Botticelli** (died 1510) Piero di Cosimo Cosimo Roselli	**Leonardo da Vinci** (Founder of Milanese School, died 1519) Andrea Solario (Milan) Boltraffio (Milan) Luini (Milan) Cesare da Sesto (Milan) Sodoma (Milan) A. Borgognone (Milan) A. da Predis (Milan) **Raphael** (Rome) (died 1520) **Michelangelo** (Rome) (died 1564)	Cosimo Tura (Ferrara) F. Cossa (Ferrara) Dosso Dossi (Ferrara) Crivelli (Ascoli) Antonello da Messina (Venice) M. Basaiti (Venice) Cima (Venice) **Giovanni Bellini** or Gianbellino (Venice) (died 1516) **Carpaccio** (Venice) (died 1522) Palma Vecchio (Venice) L. Bastiani (Venice) Francia (Bologna) Vivarini (Murano) Montagna (Vicenza) Foppa (Brescia) **Mantegna** (Padua)	**Piero della Francesca** or dei Francesci (Umbria) (died 1492) Fra Carnevale (Umbria) Melozzo da Forli (Umbria) **Perugino** (Umbria) **Pintoricchio** (Umbria) **Signorelli** (Umbria) F. di Lorenzo (Umbria) Francesco di Giorgio (Siena) F. Mazzola (Parma) Boccaccino (Cremona) → Parenzano or Parentino (Padua) Schiavone (Padua)
1500—1600	Bronzino Fra Bartolomeo Lorenzo di Credi **Benvenuto Cellini**	**Caravaggio** (Rome) (died 1609) Giulio Romano (Rome) Bramantino (Milan) Procaccini (Milan) G. Ferrari (Milan)	**Giorgione** (Venice) (died 1510) Cariani (Venice) Pordenone (Venice) Antonio Solario (Venice) **Titian** (Venice) (died 1576) **L. Lotto** (Venice) S. del Piombo (Venice) Bart: Veneto or Veneziano (Venice) **Veronese** (Venice) **Tintoretto** (Venice) **Bassano** (Venice)	**Correggio** (Parma) Parmigianino (Parma) → Bordone (Venice) Agostino Carracci (Bologna) Annibale Carracci (Bologna) Ludovico Carracci (Bologna) Moretto (Brescia) **Moroni** (Brescia) Savoldo (Brescia) Garofalo (Ferrara) F. Torbido (Verona)
1600—1700	**Carlo Dolci**	Panini (Rome) M. Preti (Rome) Maratta (Rome) Sassoferratto (Rome)	**Guido Reni** (Bologna) Domenichino (Bologna) Guercino (Bologna) G. M. Crespi (Bologna) S. Ricci (Venice) (died 1734)	**Salvator Rosa** (Naples) Cavallino (Naples)
1700—1800			Piazzetta (Venice) Amigone (Venice) **G. B. Tiepolo** (Venice) **Canaletto** (Venice) Longhi (Venice) Guardi (Venice) Marieschi (Venice)	A. Magnasco (Genoa) (born 1681) → Bellotto (Venice) Zuccarelli (Venice) Rosalba Carriera (Venice) Bigari (Bologna)

NOTES TO CHART

(1) Many, indeed most, of the Italian artists moved from city to city in search of work or in response to commissions. In the above chart each artist is ascribed to the city with which his name is principally associated. (2) In the gallery devoted to nineteenth-century paintings in the Italian Exhibition the following artists, all now deceased, are among those represented: G. Previtali, F. P. Michetti, G. Segantini, G. Ciardi, G. Fattore, and G. Carnevale

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JACQUES CASSARD

A BUCCANEER: This engraving, which is unusually correct as regards details, shows us the peculiar gun favoured by the buccaneers, made by Bracchere of Dieppe and Galin of Nantes

THE CHEVALIER DE GRAMONT

ARNOLD PALMER

Writes on

BOOKS to BUY.

—The Ones You Like

It is a bad time for selling; and among the things hard to sell first editions take a high place. Not even the Stock Exchange is more dependent than are dealers and collectors upon the state of the American market. It may be that you and I house no volume that would, at any time, stir the pulse of them: Sotheby's clientele. None the less, even our scanty treasures are probably of less value to-day than they were six months ago, before that dreadful day when Americans with fabled names poured out of the Ritz and surged along the rue de la Paix, looking for someone who would buy motor-cars, their wive's necklaces, anything which would enable them to pay the hotel bill and start off back to the debris of their businesses in wailing Wall-Street. The whole market is affected. Yet a beneficent law ordains that when the times are bad for selling they are often good for buying. Recollecting this, I paid one of my periodical visits to the Charing Cross Road; chatted with a few dealers, pocketed a few catalogues, and returned home to a study of the prevailing conditions. For those who enjoy a little flutter, as well as for those who (with doubtful justification) believe that the second-hand market is a test of literary merit, I propose to set down the results of my visit.

Let me begin with a warning. If any reader of this page is thinking of speculating in new books—i.e., buying first editions of certain authors as their works appear, in the hope of selling them some years later at double, or treble, or ten times the price—he must begin by dissociating his literary and his speculatory standards. Take, for instance, the case of Mr. A. A. Milne. Everybody recognises the charm of this writer, but I suppose that there is nobody who regards him as the most important living English author. Yet the first edition copies of his works continue to appreciate at a rate surpassed by very few of his contemporaries. However, I do not now recommend him as an investment. His reputation may endure as Lewis Carroll's has endured; but too many people are banking on it, and any possible rise in his stock has already been discounted by the dealers. Because *When We Were Very Young* became, quite early, a collectors' piece, an attempt has been made to force up the value of his subsequent books. This attempt conveniently ignored the fact that, as Mr. Milne's popularity grew, so did the size of his editions. There lies open before me as I write the catologue of a dealer well-known in the Charing Cross Road, and in this catalogue I see advertised a first edition of one of Mr. Milne's latest volumes. Seventeen shillings and sixpence is asked for this book, which is described by the dealer as a nice copy. Nice copy! So it ought to be, considering that there were 49,999 other copies in this same first edition when it appeared, just two years ago, at 7s. 6d. It was this same book (*Now We Are Six*) which a prominent West End bookseller was selling at an enhanced price within ten days of publication, and before the full first edition had yet been cleared from the publisher's premises! You will be beginning to understand why I advise caution in speculating in the works of Mr. Milne. His name may live for ever. But in the meantime he has, unfortunately for himself, become the stock-in-trade of every shark in the book-selling and book-buying world. He is best left alone, since the profits on his endeavours are, for once in a way, confined to the right people—himself and his publisher.

One of the most superb productions of the season is "The Scourge of the Indies," published by Routledge at 42s. net. It consists of tales of French buccaneers, corsairs, and filibusters in the West Indies, from the original texts and contemporary engravings by Maurice Besson, and has been translated by Everard Thornton. Chevalier de Gramont, Nau l'Olonnais and Ravenau de Lussan are three of the celebrities whose exploits are recounted at length. The huge increase in the popularity of pirate literature which has marked the present season reaches its climax in this beautifully produced and thrilling volume, with its five coloured plates and 140 illustrations

Mr. Galsworthy holds his place. I possess one fairly valuable Galsworthy volume, and an expert in these matters is urging me to sell it. But I think I shall hold on to it for a while . . . . anyhow, until the slump is ended. Mr. Galsworthy is not looked upon with favour in Bloomsbury, but it has yet to be proved that Bloomsbury counts for much in the queer world of collectors. It counts for something. Mrs. Woolf is booming nicely, and if I still had that first edition copy of *Orlando* which I lent to a friend, I should soon be getting a pound for it. As it is, I have lost *Orlando*, and gained some knowledge of a friend. I think Mrs. Woolf's works may continue to go up in value. They are admired by the smart sets in the literary as well as the social world; and as far as I can imagine what a collector is like, I imagine him to be a man who would be strongly influenced by the views of the smart sets in the literary and social worlds . . . And yet, in spite of this, I expect to see Mr. Galsworthy going on holding his place. *The Forsyte Saga* will survive quite a number of clever conversations at cocktail parties.

But Mr. Galsworthy's first editions are already standing a long way above par. What we want, for a purely commercial article such as this, is someone to put beside Mrs. Woolf—someone, that is to say, who may be expected to write a good many more books which we may buy quickly at 7s. 6d. or so, and sell at our leisure for pounds and pounds. If a roomful of reputable judges of literature were set to voting on the question, they would almost certainly give their unanimous support to Mr. H. M. Tomlinson. Mr. Tomlinson has become a steady, solid "tip" among the knowing ones. Journalists, borrowing your matches, will lay a finger on the nose and whisper "Buy Tomlinsons!" Amid the carefully fostered murk and untidiness of their Dickensian premises, hemmed in by the volumes they finger (and price) so lovingly, crafty dealers, in the intervals of peering benignly through their glasses and displaying their cunningly frayed suits, concoct discreet advertisements which shall attract the buyers, without putting ideas into the heads of the sellers, of Tomlinson. Well, for literature's sake, if not for theirs, I hope they are all guessing right. But I fancy they may be displaying too much judgment. They see, as anyone can see, that Mr. Tomlinson's literary reputation is assured, and they are all busy getting ready for the second-hand boom. Even collectors are buying Tomlinsons, to sell at enhanced prices to other collectors . . . I don't know that I believe in the existence of those others. There's nobody left in the collecting world to make a Tomlinson boom. The preparations are too complete.

And that is the difficulty. It is no good buying the men who are obviously going to "live" because even if, by some fluke, they do "live" after all, there is no surprise—therefore no scarcity, therefore no appreciation. As for the others, they may "live," their works may even grow "scarce," and yet there may be no boom. For it cannot be too often repeated that the "gems" of collectors are not at all the same as the "gems" of book-lovers. The two worlds touch, but only just.

It is almost as difficult to sell right as to buy right. Only two nights ago I was listening to the embittered outburst of a man who, for years, has been collecting wisely. He had early Shaws and early Wells and early Everybody-who-is-Anybody, and though he admitted that he had a habit of recording all his first impressions, whether for or against, on the margins of the pages, yet it was apparent that he had had a wonderful, if slightly scrubby, library. For years, as I say, he had been collecting, and being a man (like myself) to whom one edition is the same as another, he had for years been looking forward to "dispersing" his collection. At last the rainy day came—about Christmastide, as it is apt to do—and he arranged with an auctioneer of libraries to include his volumes in his next sale. Perhaps the next sale was only a little one; perhaps the big American collectors had gone home for the holidays; perhaps the dealers had evilly conspired together to undo my poor friend; or perhaps his views in the margin had obscured the original text. I don't know, nor does he know, for he was unable to attend the sale. But the proceeds, when they eventually reached him, worked out at an average of 5s. to 6s. per volume. And as he finds that he had grown attached to many of the books, and misses them, he has begun to replace them (with 125th edition copies) at 7s. 6d. a time.

So you see that good luck, as well as good judgment, is needed before you make an income out of the books on your shelves; knowledge of how to sell as well as how to buy.

The specially printed and bound copy, privately issued to a wealthy subscriber of the type that is now regarded as such a good investment—that, to me, is historically less interesting than an ordinary first edition. I feel that Time in the long run will confirm my view on this point. Yes, but which ones? Whose books? As to that, I recommend the purchase, on publication, of the works of those authors who please you best. You are as likely to be right by that means as by any other; whilst, should the market go ill for you, you still have books you are fond of.

COCKTAILS ARE A DUAL DANGER: The man dependant on alcohol is as grave a peril to posterity as the Gin-and-It Girl

The World

A new and complete W
incorporating

Conducted by Diana Bourb

WHAT *about their* FATHERS?

By DIANA BOURBON

(Editor of the Women's Section)

How little sense there is in the "whatever-sort-of-children-is-the-modern-woman-going-to-produce?" attitude when you go on in the good old way leaving the sort of father she is going to choose for them right out of the question. A woman, after all, is not solely responsible for the quality of her offspring.

Only the other day, though, I met a doctor—old school. "All this golf," he murmured, "and tennis . . . and going to cocktail parties. What sort of children will these over-muscular, gadabout young women bear?"

Why—why in the name of goodness—doesn't someone start talking about the effect of a *man's* clothes, habits, indulgences on *his* general fitness for parenthood? After all, it's because our great grand*fathers*—not our great grand*mothers*—were addicted to drinking two bottles of port at a sitting that so many of us are afflicted with gout and kindred diseases of the blood to-day—to go no deeper nor more seriously into medical history. Men, for instance, drink quite as many cocktails as their wives and sweethearts do.

Not—God forbid—that I hold any brief for the cocktail habit; or more precisely, for the cocktail habit among *women*. But even in my small corner of the world I know numerous young women of the general type of the "modern girl," who have of their own accord, willingly, even enthusiastically, given up both drinking and smoking from the time they determined upon motherhood—so great was their sense of responsibility. While I know of only one young man who even *thought* of the question of his own physical fitness, and submitted himself to a rigorous course of training in order to give it an A 1 chance of normalcy and health. Young men will go into training cheerfully enough for a season of football, a boat-race, or a boxing-match. But a child is just one of those things that happen. It is entirely the *woman's* business!

OFFICE WORK TELLS ON MAN AND WOMAN ALIKE! A really healthy child cannot be created if either parent be eternally penned to the ledger or desk

Whenever women change the shape of their garments, the height of their heels, their habits of life, or their reading matter, there is held a sort of universal shareholders' meeting, at which votes of "No confidence," or even censure, are passed broadcast. All on the ground that the change must make for less efficient maternity. When women first took up smoking in any numbers the shareholders' meeting was of a positively hysterical nature. (Though really the race having survived that era of delicious feminine curves, still lamented by gentlemen of the old port school, when a figure was induced by means of strong steel armour and long cords, with the assistance of the bedpost, one would really think it could survive anything, as it probably can.)

But have you ever heard a doctor warning a man patient to "ease off a little" on—shall we say—cigarettes, which he has been smoking at the rate of sixty a day, on the ground that they were having a poisonous effect on his nervous system, feel called upon to add a word as to their probable effect on the nervous systems of the children he might sire? Would he be listened to if he did? Never mind, he is quite safe. It's a point of view that is never likely to occur to him.

Every time anyone even *sees* a woman, they think at once, "potential mother." No one ever looks on men as potential fathers. Which strikes me as slightly ridiculous. Women outnumbering men as heavily as they do in this country it is reasonable to suppose that a lesser proportion of them will actually achieve parenthood. At any rate, so long as our present code of morality persists.

Civilisation, too, sends white men to spend the prime years of their lives in continents they were never meant to inhabit (where only blacks are physically equipped to survive), posts them in fever-ridden swamps in the interests of politics or commerce. And then seeks the explanation of any physical disabilities of their children in the emancipated habits of their wives. Isn't it a little comic?

If there is anything to worry about in the case of the next generation that will have to strive in the world markets it is not the present-day attire of its mothers, but the fact that just over ten years ago its fathers were sent out in their millions of young manhood to be maimed and gassed, to stand almost to their waists in mud for days on end, and to be shell-shocked in the cause of a "righteous war." Does anyone think that the parenthood of those men who came back physical or nervous wrecks will be altogether without effect on this "race" we hear so much about?

Well, then? . . .

And if office work—long hours cooped in a stuffy atmosphere, shut away from the sun and the wind, getting round-shouldered and narrow-chested stooping over ledgers and writing machines—plays the dickens with the physique of the young women who have to become the mothers of the generation after that; why, so it does with the physique of the young men from among whom they have to choose that generation's fathers.

It's a case of sauce for the gander being sauce for the goose this time. (It can't always be because of the women they marry that over-developed athletes so often have children who are far from strong.)

Convenient, of course, to shovel off all the responsibility for the fitness of the offspring on to the mother who has, anyway, most of the trouble and all the pain of bringing them into the world. But Nature doesn't agree with man. She has given him at least a half-share in creation, and even during the long period that follows before birth doesn't exempt him from his contribution. The serenity and well-being of the mother, which must react on the child, *is his affair*.

Only the other day a distinguished surgeon reminded me that the Jews are the only race who have duly and officially acknowledged this la responsibility of the father. They exempted th newly-married husband from military service for a least the first year that he might look after his wif making his second contribution to the physical welfar of his child.

"Christian men," he said, "are inclined to b careless of this duty. But then, men nowadays hardl seem to regard fatherhood as their affair."

They find it easier, perhaps, to criticise the mother And probably that's our fault. We don't make enough to-do about their fitness to help in the job in the firs place.

NEW YEA

By EL

It is always more difficult to entertain New Yea guests than any others. Surfeited with th cheer that Yuletide brought they are hard t please. Looking on any January entertainment as an anti-climax they are about as impossibl to mix as cocktails and lobster.

Even so you can stage New Year entertai ments quite successfully if you are discreet in you choice of fare, wise in your selection of wine, an invite guests who are as fastidious as you are.

For heaven's sake omit all fare characteristic Christmas in your New Year menus, and specia in delicate-flavoured dishes, from caviare served perfectly iced with only its accompaniment of lemon fairy toast, and butter, to a sweet-like crêpe Suzette or Ananas au rhum; or when dinner is the meal in question, substitute a light savoury like angels on horseback, or mushroom and bacon toast for the sweets course, and conclude with dessert.

There is no secret about giving successful New Year parties. Having chosen your menu with great care take as much care in the choice of guests. Then arrange your table as charmingly as possible, and leave the rest to your cook and parlourmaid.

If your entertaining takes the form of cock tail parties, let your appetisers be as novel as you can make them. Not enough to present olives in any of their varied forms; include a dish of caviare canapes, diamonds or rounds of toast lightly buttered and evenly spread with minced smoked salmon and garnished minced hard-boiled yolk of egg; or canapes smeared with *paté de foie gras*, and garnished with minced olive.

Should you wish a larger choice of *appétissants*, stuff the hollow stalks of scraped celery with petit Suisse cheese thinned slightly with cream, sharpened with minced pimento, and minced chives, and add piping-hot cheese corkscrews (which I also serve with clear soup).

SWEET SIMPLICITY: elaborate coffee ser in china and sil

f Women

ly Section
ariely of Interests
for Women Readers

"IT IS VERY DOWDY TO BE IN PARIS JUST NOW"—
But it does not follow that the Parisians still in their capital are not extremely smartly clad

. . . PARIS CALLING . . .

By H. PEARL ADAM

RUE TAITBOUT.

What a bore the beginning of the year is! Tax-papers, rent, and no knowing where anybody until they ring you up and ask you to dine with m at six-thirty at a station, and see them off to ie place you'd like to go to yourself—or else to et their niece at four and see her off at nine on her from Thence to Thither. When you live in Paris are constantly astounded at the amount of nieces ple have, and all of them so demurely old-fashioned t they have to be looked after between trains. But s worse when they stay twenty-four hours and do a night's shopping in that time. They take you to frivolity-shops you've never heard of, and buy quantities of wispy, foamy things that make you wonder what on earth their mothers will write to you; they tag round after new perfumes with the most awful, intimate names like "His Breath," or "Shudder of Passion," or "While Undressing"; and yet, when you take them to a tea-dance at some posh place, and rest your weary bones as far from the band as you can get, they one and all look quite startled and shy when you propose buying them an expensive professional dancer for a couple of tangoes and six-eights. Dear old England seems to be incurably provincial on this point in spite of her own experiments.

Of course, it is very dowdy to be in Paris just now, when Everybody is on the Riviera, or further afield chasing Pyramids or motoring over the Sahara. There is very little doing except nursing the balance—or the over-balance—at the bank through its post-Christmas debility. One can also watch Paris going through the morning toilet of her year, getting ready for the first outbreak of green on the trees—and the verdure of the early tourist.

Paris shops are making themselves so interesting that I foresee every purchase taking longer than ever. One used to wonder where the more eccentric of the modernist artists and decorators would house their productions; the answer seems to be, in the shops of the Ville Lumière. Some of the big stores have modernised their outsides without much else; but here and there over the Paris area (sometimes not even in very fashionable quarters), are the most remarkable little shops were one buys lingerie or luxury oddments, in surroundings a little more advanced than anything in the latest Applied Art Exhibition.

"SOME OF THE BIG STORES HAVE MODERNISED THEIR OUTSIDES": A typical Parisian moment

There's a lingerie shop done in plain grey-blue, with straight or very slightly curved lines, and show-cases of sheet-glass bound with silver metal. Hardly any goods are displayed — just a flesh-coloured wisp of the finest web here, a dot of it there. Everything is disposed to make the place seem as empty as possible.

A Frenchwoman informs me that it is frightfully artistic, because the lingerie is the colour of a healthy body, and the decoration is the colour of shadows thrown on flesh. Subsequently I was reluctantly taken there by somebody's niece, to whom I did not confide this Gallic appreciation; and then we went straight to the Lido and she boggled at a lovely young man with a wavy waist and blackbeetle hair who opened his exquisite denture at her and asked if she would dance—for a consideration, but of course he didn't mention that. These co-opted snowdrop-time nieces! You never know whether they're going to come the poinsettia or the violet over you.

There has been heaps of fun at the Moulin Rouge; but not of the type for which it is famous. It has turned itself into a super-new, super-attractive, super-superlative talkie-house. And the very first film it shows is an American imitation of a Moulin Rouge revue! In fact, it proudly boasts that you can't tell the difference. Odd, very. Now the trouble is that the Fox Follies may not talk Boston American, but American it is; while Moulin Rouge French wasn't exactly the famed French of Tours, but American it wasn't.

It is a very typical action of "God's own country," and one that does not endear them to the other races of the world. The tactlessness of it! And, fundamentally, tactlessness is responsible for the great part of their almost universal unpopularity in Europe.

So there have been demonstrations every night, and people have got in and damaged the machinery, and nobody knows whether they are patriotic folk who resent a theatre so French as the Moulin Rouge confessing to weakness by opening with a foreign film, or whether they are disgruntled people thrown out of work by the innovation, or whether they just don't like the Fox form of Follies, having some of their own. Anyhow, there has been talk of closing down the show because of the nightly rows, let alone the cattle-maiming stunt in the machinery-room. Of course, it may be just publicity; for haven't you often noticed how (except when serious music is being performed) one small weakling row in the auditorium interests the public infinitely more than any conceivable doings on the stage or the platform? It must be the charm of the spontaneous which still retains its appeal even in these days of calculatedly extempore parties of paganism.

At last the wine question has been settled so that everybody can have what they like, and polite hosts who loathe Pouilly don't have to drink it with steak because their guest is eating chicken, or else order a bottle of both. (Men are always shy of half-bottles, partly because they think they loom mean and partly because there is a belief that the wine isn't so good as when bottled big.) We now have a restaurant which goes in for not only the good general French cookery but also for local specialities from the Quercy district—and if the worthies of that neighbourhood live on anything like the baked stuffed ham and patties of crayfish tails I have tasted at this hostelry, Quercy is the place for me and you and all good fellows.

Now at this place you can buy as many bottles and half-bottles as you want; *or*, as many glasses of the wine appropriate to each dish as you think is wise or artistic. They are big glasses, and they cost three francs—sixpence—a time. The system is excellent; you get sound drinkable with good eatable, you can stick to one wine or have several.

When an important dinner for two or four is on the tapis, and one wants to "do the heavy," a wine with every course comes a bit thick. But at this restaurant hosts with generous hearts and slim purses can make even a visiting manager very fully content without wondering what the—what the Lancashire the bill will come to.

UESTS.

H CRAIG

When fork parties are the choice, and they can relied on to appeal in the beginning of the year, can serve as well as *appétissants*, lobster and ter patties, individual moulds of *foie gras* set in leira jelly, plovers cooked and chopped, then in tiny border moulds in muscat jelly, and the tre when turned out filled with celery and ffle salad.

No matter what your choice of food, no matter at your kind of party, see that all table appoint-nts are up to date. For example, be sure to le where your guests are to sit before they ve.

By setting place cards in front of each cover avoid the awkward moment that arises when rge party enters the dining-room, and the tess proceeds to allocate each to his or her ointed place.

The latest place-card holders consist of a single n perched on a tree trunk. Same (larger and ally suitable for small menu holders) take the n of two robins perched on a larger trunk. er new place-card holders are merely a china ay of flowers. Others are simply a cluster of l or glass flowers.

Remember that oblong, oval, and square linen mats are more up to date than round ones, that hunting people can have service plates exquisitely illuminated with a hunting design; that harlequin glass is now the fashion, and that when you cannot follow this fashion you can choose any glass you like so long as it is coloured.

the vogue for imple design both in perfect taste

The Old Year witnessed the birth of the vogue for colour in table appointments. The New Year will see the vogue grow up. Don't forget this when shopping for New Year parties. It is a great mistake slavishly to follow fashion, but an even greater error to be completely out of the run of the current mode. Seek, then, the happy medium . . .

How Englishwomen live Abroad (II)

PENANG: "The Garden of the East"

By STELLA KNIGHT.

They passed by your window about six in the morning on their way to the market, quarrelling amiably in Malay; and you sighed as you lay dozing in the whiteish gloom of the mosquito net round your bed, and hoped that the cook would not roll out the chicken rissoles for lunch on his bare chest to-day as you caught

PRIMITIVE TRANSPORT: A typical street scene in Georgetown

him doing the last time you paid an imprudent visit to the kitchen over which he rules.

Your head-boy (with the under-boy, and a kind of head-muck-and-bottle-washer called the *toncanayer*) is responsible for the catering and cooking in your household. Every day he makes an early morning visit to the market and brings back the day's supplies in baskets. You give him the money for this the night before, as he is not to be trusted to leave chits for what he buys. Now it is half-past six, and the sun is getting hot, and a graceful careful hand draws aside the mosquito net. A soft voice tells you in Malay that your "little breakfast" (*chota hazri*) is here.

Your day begins early in the Garden of the East. Later in the morning the heat becomes unbearable, so you are glad to make the most of the early cool hours.

The line of the sea across the pale veranda matting is wavering gold, deepening to blue. The bourgainvillea on your summer-house roof at the end of the garden your gardener (*kebun*) keeps so tenderly, hangs in the brilliant air like a magenta cloud. You sip your tea, and are grateful that it is not flavoured with goat's milk.

For Penang has poor soil which does not yield pasture for enough cows to keep the whole island supplied with fresh milk. You must buy tinned milk if you do not like the extensive and peculiar flavour of goat's—and you do not.

Most of the food sold in the English and Chinese shops, in Beach Street and Bishop Street, is tinned or bottled. Fresh chickens are always to be had, of course, but one can tire of chicken; and if you want mutton or beef it usually comes out of cold storage.

Your world is indeed your bond in Penang. Everything you buy—and even the collection in the English church—is paid for by a chit, or signed note for the amount. You only carry small change about with you.

Your house has two storeys and no windows. Swing doors connect each room with the next, stopping six inches clear of the floor to admit the precious air. Shutters take the place of windows in some of the houses, and usually there is a veranda to every room.

But you wonder if this generosity with verandas really makes up for the lack of sanitation? Your house is charming, but not modern, and it is only the big hotels, some of the Chinese houses, and the new houses built on the hill, since it became a residential quarter, that have modern drainage.

A PLACE OF SNAKES: A picture taken in the interior of the temple of the snake-god Chor Su Kong, near Georgetown. The snakes are apple-green or slate streaked with yellow

But your nerves are used to the heat and mosquitoes by now; your eyes are used to the savage colours of the flowers and you are a contented woman.

The fruits have strange, pretty names—the pappya, which you are eating at the moment with your tea; the durian, which tastes good but smells so bad that you have told the children's ayah that they must not eat it in the house; the mangosteen with its pure white seeds fitted snugly into their crimson box.

If only endless fresh supplies of lingerie, unsoilable as the clouds of rainy countries, would appear by magic every morning, your worries would be fewer still.

But as they do not, and as you must change at least twice a day for comfort, you must bring them from home or buy them from the big stores on the island.

To-day, after you have tiffined at noon, waited on by the head boy and the *chokera* in chalk-white ducks, you will sleep until four in the afternoon, like the rest of Penang. It is too hot to stay awake.

At four you get up and take a bath. You throw cold water over your whole body, taking it from a large earthenware jar. Then you put on fresh clothes, from *brassière* to frock, and your syce (it means a groom, but he functions as a chauffeur) drives you down to the club for tea and tennis, or to pay calls round the island in the evening, when you walk on the esplanade by the falling silver of the sea and meet your friends for gossip; or drive through the cool air to the Waterfall Gardens, or listen to music from the band by the waves, it is easiest to imagine Penang is part of another and happier planet. The senna-tree, which smells like Paradise itself, carpets the ground with yellow flowers, and you forget ants and snakes and medieval sanitation, and remember only that Penang is verily the Garden of the East.

WHERE THE WHITE MAN BEARS HIS BURDEN: A typical European bungalow in Penang

UP THE PYRE RIVER: A lovely picture showing a Chinese junk slowly forging its way upstream opposite Penang

Picture Dummies to Enliven Empty Rooms

A XVII CENTURY WHIMSEY

Incredible though it may seem, picture dummies—life-like cut-out paintings of men and women—were a device employed in the seventeenth century in order to impart life and animation to one's home when the family were away.

This it is almost certain was the purpose of the quaint figures found in certain of our famous Elizabethan and Jacobean ancestral homes (such as Canons Ashby, Dyrham or Knole, near Sevenoaks). These dummies used to be ranged round the principal living rooms and in long corridors, and one can well imagine that when the family had departed—perhaps on a long cross-country journey occupying several weeks in coach or post-chaise—the effect would be anything but lively and animated. Indeed the desolation of these dummies must have resembled nothing so much as the palace of the Sleeping Beauty in real life. Day after day the over-dressed little girl seen in our picture would stand motionless, a bunch of marigolds in her hands, her companions similarly petrified.

A PICTURE DUMMY: A conceit of the seventeenth century

Sometimes these dummies were attached to the walls with long hooks and staples, and sometimes they had a projecting foot in front and a block at the back enabling them to stand erect. They were either painted direct on to the wood, which was cut or shaped to the outline of the person represented, or they were (sometimes) painted on canvas and glued to the board.

Another suggestion regarding these dummies is rather amusing. The idea has been put forward that in the seventeenth century figures of this kind were sometimes used as a device to scare burglars. If this be correct, and if the dummies were effective, burglars in those days must have been made of very different spirit from those one has to cope with to-day. It would certainly take more than a piece of painted wood to scare one of *our* daylight robbers or cat-burglars.

There seems no doubt that there were similar dummy figures of dogs and cats.

If you are seeking to introduce charm and colour into your home you might do worse than to obtain one or two reproductions of these picture dummies. There are several ways in which they can be put to picturesque and practical usage. A pair may be placed on either side of the fireplace. They may be used as screens and door porters, and they look very striking in an entrance hall, at the foot of the stairs, or at the end of a corridor.

THE TWEED SPORTS OUTFIT.

Its Latest Manifestation

The short coat has a small scarf-shaped collar, held in place by buttoned revers, and there are also large buttons on the gauntlet cuffs. The shoes and handbag match each other, being made of snake-skin and patent leather.

The tucked-in blouse is made of fine woollen jersey buttoned down the side, and this line is continued down the skirt, the fullness of which is given by flat-pressed godets.

The wide belt is made of patent leather with a metal buckle.

The new-fashioned ornaments are made of beads covered with short-haired furs alternating with either crystal or modern beads. Bracelets are made of marble, ebony, and ivory, sometimes even of patent leather.

New Features of the Tailored Morning Ensemble

PARIS
Avenue des Champs Élysées

Paris is usually very conservative about the type of frock we call—generically—"sports wear" (by which we mean anything we put on in the morning and for un-dressy occasions).

Our pictures show, for instance, that "sports" skirts remain sensibly short though well covering the knee.

The tailored note, succeeding on several years of stockinettes, "knitteds" and "woollies," is stressed. And the newly-returned vogue of the tuck-in blouse is shown in its latest manifestation—extended to include the jersey. A great variety of belts may be worn with this style.

The short jacket (much favoured by Jenny) is definitely "the thing" this early 1930. It is newer than either hip or three-quarter length—though many famous houses are still sponsoring the latter. Sometimes little tweed capes are worn instead of jackets.

Only flat furs are used in trimming tailored garments.

Two-colour combinations — especially in the coarse flecked tweeds which are so much favoured—are almost the rule.

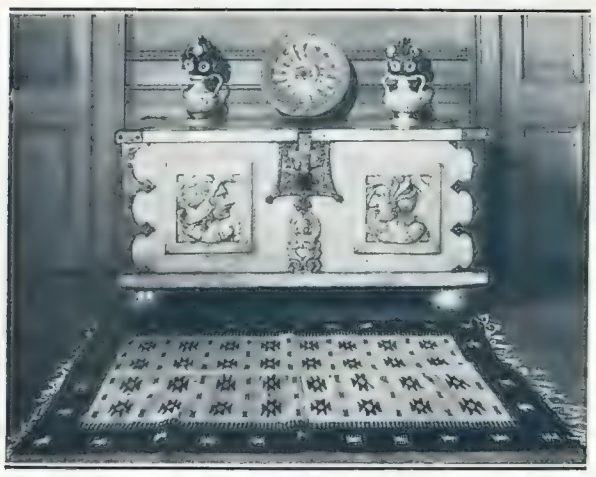
Hats continue to be small and worn well off the forehead.

Combining the NEW with the OLD.

Lady Bonham-Carter's Successful Experiment

By DEREK PATMORE

Many of us who have furnished our homes with lovely old furniture and decorated our rooms in period style are still afraid to introduce any touches of modernity. But really there is every reason why we should try to combine the new with the old: the result will be both attractive and original. This is proved by Lady Bonham-Carter in some of the rooms of her beautiful London house.



A TREASURE OF LADY BONHAM-CARTER'S HOME: The magnificent old white and gold Spanish chest in the sitting-room. Note how well it goes with the fine Albanian rug in the foreground

For example — the sitting-room is decorated in cream and tones of pink and brown. The walls and woodwork are painted ivory and the floor is carpeted in light brown. The arm-chairs and settee have been covered in a delightful old chintz which has gay-coloured flowers on a saffron ground. All about the room are beautiful antique pieces of furniture—a rare old lacquer cabinet; exquisite Chippendale tables .... But a modernist note has been effectively introduced by several modern Albanian rugs. These are hand-woven and have simple abstract designs in black and chocolate woven against a deep cream ground. Although themselves ultra-modern, the designs of the rugs used are centuries old! It shows how easily the modern and the antique can be merged together.

One of these rugs has been placed by a wall, which has been converted into a great built-in bookcase. A feature of this bookcase is that, apart from shelves for books, it also has openings for pieces of china. These have been filled with rare pieces of Chinese porcelain which look very lovely against the cream walls. This bookcase also contains a false door made of old books which gives access into the library.

AN ANGLE OF THE SITTING-ROOM: This view shows the great built-in bookcase, and the clever combination of the new and old with the black and cream Albanian rugs and the chairs covered in old chintz

A CORNER OF THE BEDROOM: Soft grey walls and ivory and mauve draperies and curtains, and a mixture of the new and old combine to make this room an attractive example of elegant severity

Another of the Albanian rugs has been placed in front of a beautiful old Spanish chest made of white painted wood with panels carved in relief, and old gold clasps and locks. To complete the combination of the new and old in this room, the pictures on the walls include several old masters, a fine Claude Joseph Vernet, and one of Degas's brilliant paintings of a ballet dancer.

This same combination treatment has also been very successful in one of the bedrooms. The walls are done a soft grey. The antique bed has been set in an alcove, and has hangings of ivory yellow taffeta and a cover of old brocade. The curtains are made to match, but the circular-shaped dressing-table has hangings of mauve silk. However, the treatment of the mantelpiece is very modern in its severity. An old Chinese painting in a gold frame has been placed on the wall, and two copper-red porcelain birds are on each side of the mantelpiece.

In front of the fireplace has been placed a very fine Albanian rug with a ziz-zag design in black and chocolate on a rich cream ground. Beside this is an old gilt French lattice-work settee, and several other old pieces of furniture. The effect is that while all the furniture is old, the room yet has an atmosphere of modernity and elegance.

Making SMALL ROOMS *Look* LARGER

By VIOLET KING

Where rooms are small, as they so often are in flats and some modern houses, space is valuable, but there are many ways and means of producing an impression of space which even adds to the artistry of the room.

Colour is one of the most important assets in creating the idea of space, as there are advancing and receding colours, the one making the room look smaller, and the other giving the impression that it is larger.

In the small room one naturally chooses a receding colour, such as white, cream, lemon, pale stone, primrose, or pale green, and avoiding advancing colours like red, bright blue, dark or bright green, brown, and black, which tend to make a room look smaller than it really is.

SPACIOUSNESS: Pictureless walls, with panelled effect, give idea of space in room. The lighting effects are worthy of special note

Having settled the walls (choosing the colour for its light-giving quality, too, where the room is inclined to be dark) the next concern is—*mirrors*! Frameless mirrors of different sizes are useful and most decorative in small rooms, for they give the most subtle impression of space and reflect light. They are invaluable in producing the illusion of space; and a use of mirrors is a most effective ways of doing this.

A small table placed in front of a mirror with a lighted electric lamp or candle beside a bowl of bright flowers (reflected) is a charming feature in any room. The mirror should be placed eye-level and opposite the entrance for the best effect; one then gets a vista of the next room, or hall, when the door is open, and the wise woman arranges that it be a good one. Long mirrors, too, are useful, and look like panels.

Careful study of the room, its position, purpose, size, and light, should be made in the first instance. Its best feature should be brought out and its worst covered up, if possible. Where space is very limited illusion must be subtly created. Fortunately for us who live in this rushing age, the old idea has completely faded away that unless a room is overcrowded with furniture it is bare. The exact opposite is the vogue of to-day.

Designs have altered with our lives and customs, and they are now in keeping with the furniture; some of the richest effects are achieved in the simplest manner possible, merely by the right choice of colours and textures. In this way the smallest home may be made quite attractive and its size increased in effect.

Pale-coloured panelled walls tend to make a room larger, yet relieving the plain surface, and a small table with decorative lamp of a bright colour to tone with the scheme of the room will make a delightful feature.

The actual furniture in a tiny room should really be composed of combination pieces, each piece having a double purpose; even if a poufle is used, it should be one which opens to hold spare magazines or newspapers. The choice of furniture is, perhaps, a little more difficult. Small pieces of furniture are absolutely essential, and the shapes are important—nothing projecting far. Narrow pieces are suitable, as these, placed against the wall, take up little room.

ILLUSION OF SPACE: A delightful treatment of a mirror, light, and flowers in a corner of a West-end club

Many popular shapes and patterns should be avoided in small rooms (and sometimes in big), for the whole charm of the atmosphere depends on simplicity. Line and form are important elements. The proportion of each piece of furniture should be considered carefully if small rooms are to be made appear larger. A room practically empty can be charming, when an overcrowded room is never right.

Fabrics with very small patterns of geometrical design are better suited to tiny rooms, unless a plain colour is preferred, but there are all kinds of materials with shot effect now made for small rooms, and nothing is nicer.

Where space must be economised it is wise to choose all furniture with cupboards, shelves, or drawers. Shelves, too, may be fitted in a recess beside the fireplace, if there is one, and add a decorative note to the room.

No matter how small a room may be, it is possible to leave a little empty space, and this creates the impression of more.

WOMEN.

Five Notabilities in the Feminine Worlds of Society, Diplomacy, and the Screen

Lenare

AN AMERICAN PEERESS: Lady Sackville, who before her marriage was Miss Anne Meredith (Bigelow), the popular New York actress. Lady Sackville is Lord Sackville's second wife

A RADIO DEBUT: Miss Gloria Swanson, who in effigy has faced audiences of millions, became a voice as well as a presence recently when she broadcast over the National Broadcasting Company lines in the U.S.A.

"THE GLASS OF FASHION AND THE MOULD OF FORM": Miss Marjorie Farraher in a charity fashion parade in New York. Three-quarter sleeves, a normal waist-line, and the long, pointed skirt are "featured"

REPRESENTING SPAIN: The Marquesa Merry del Val, the wife of the Spanish Ambassador, in one of the rooms re-decorated in honour of the Queen of Spain's visit. Goyas from the Escorial are some—but only some—of the Embassy's treasures

ELINOR GLYN'S FIRST TALKIE: The noted novelist and Mr. Charles Rosher, her camera-man, working on Miss Elinor Glyn's first talkie, "Knowing Men," which she has written and produced herself at Elstree. It has been "talkie-ised" both in English and French—but not yet in American! Mr. Rosher was camera-man to Mary Pickford for eleven years

The SPHERE of TRAVEL

A weekly feature devoted to the interests of travel at home and abroad

EDITED BY CRAWFURD PRICE

Buxton for Winter Sport

The Derbyshire Spa which Combines Switzerland with Carlsbad!

By FRED I. CHAPPLE

The first three months of the year, usually in January and March, are the best periods during which one can enjoy winter sports in Buxton, although many hundreds of visitors spend Christmas in this Derbyshire spa, firstly because there is always the chance of having seasonable weather, and secondly because the hotels are very jolly places to stay in.

There are four excellent sports centres in and around Buxton: Tobogganing at Temple Fields and Cavendish Golf Links, and skating in the Pavilion Gardens and at Combs. The two principal centres are Temple Fields and Cavendish, both within a comparative short distance of the town. In regard to the former, it is quite easy to approach by leaving the Crescent, in the heart of the town, and proceeding along Broad Walk, with the Corporation Gardens on our right-hand until College Road is reached. At the end of College Road are situated Temple Fields, within easy call of the old Solomon's Temple.

Fortunately for the toboggan enthusiast, the Corporation have recently rented the Temple Fields, where the sports are held, and thus make it a reserve for this purpose. The run has been described as "a rather rough patch," which is an admirable recommendation to those who love endless thrills, and you will certainly experience endless thrills on Temple Fields. It is a straight run, fairly long, steep, and pretty fast, with one or two sensational dips, and given plenty of snow and real wintry weather, it is patronised by many hundreds of people.

The Cavendish sports centre lies north of the town, and is reached by the Manchester road on the way to Corbar. On the Cavendish slopes are big crowds, for the run is extremely popular and situated amid the grand scenery of the vast purple moors. Tobogganing here is really delightful; it is an excellent run, which takes two "delicious" bends, and provides endless exhilarations when moving at top speed.

The majority of visitors prefer to bring their own sports gear, but this is not absolutely essential seeing that several shops in the town hire out the necessary equipment at a nominal charge.

Ski-ing is another feature which is indulged in by clubs from London and elsewhere. Given good conditions the exhibitions are well-performed and have a large following.

There is also skating on the lake in the Pavilion Gardens and at the picturesque hamlet of Combs set amid the heart of the Peak and within a mile or so from the spa.

Winter sports in Buxton have a tremendous following. I have tramped along the Fernilee road on a seasonable December morning and seen thousands of motor-cars, most of them strapped with sleighs, making their way to Buxton, and in the town will be observed processions of visitors from all parts of the country. Every seasonable winter in Buxton shows an increase in the number of visitors; hotels, hydros, and boarding-houses are kept busy, and everything is done to make the stranger welcome and comfortable. Hotels are by no means expensive; they are sociable and agreeable places to stay in, and the sports are followed in the evening by gay dances and other forms of amusement.

For the unfortunate persons who come for the treatment of rheumatism, well-equipped establishments, thermal and natural, are at their disposal, and under a special cure ticket the very low charge of three guineas enables the patient to take three weeks' treatment.

Since the Corporation bought the Pavilion Gardens considerable improvements have been made which have added to the appearance of the surroundings.

Now a word in passing as to how to approach Buxton. An excellent service is available from London (St. Pancras), the journey occupying 3¾ hours. Coming from the north there are two lines, which at one time belonged to the Midland and L. and N.W. respectively. Stockport is a good centre to break the journey for the change to the Buxton line.

Two first-rate golf links are situated near to the town; both are 18-hole courses, one, known as the Cavendish links, is splendidly laid out and lies amid magnificent scenery. The Opera House stages some of the best London productions. The hotels and hydros organise rambles and motor-tours to well-known places in Derbyshire even during the winter months, and many of these outings provide some of the most enjoyable days during the sojourn in Buxton. Have you ever travelled along the Bakewell road on a clear winter's night and looked out on Haddon Hall, perched on the hillside, all mantled in snow—a baronial castle of legend and romance? And at your feet is the Wye, like a ribbon of silver winding down to Rowsley. And what of the vast moors of Axe Edge, where the Peak of Derbyshire may be seen with the glance of the eye? Errwood in the Goyt Valley, the Switzerland of the north, Castle Naze above Combs, and before us the wildest part of the county, the regions of the lone Kinderscout and the hills of Mount Famine, South Head, and Chinley Churn.

But perhaps the greatest thrill of all is to stand on the slopes of the Crescent Gardens in Buxton, as evening steals on, watching the busy life of the town below, spotting the stars as they peep out over Derbyshire, and following the moonlight creeping whimsically over the purple form of Axe Edge. There is a glimpse also of the coloured lights of the Pavilion, which tell of life and laughter, and all around the twinkling beacons of the humble homes dotted up and around the majestic hills of which Buxton is the cheerful heart.

WHY GO ABROAD? One can, in a white winter, get all the snow games, bar ski-ing, save occasional attempts thereat, in the Peak District. This picture shows a typical view near Buxton

SEASONABLE! A typical impression of the famous English winter sports resort—Buxton. Set in the glory of the Peak District, it offers unusual amenities to its residents and visitors at all times, but more especially in the first three months of the year

THE WAY TO KASHMIR.

Those fortunate travellers who can contemplate a visit to Kashmir for the spring, will be well advised to get *The Road to Kashmir*, a book by Mr. James Milne which Hodder and Stoughton have recently published. It is a book beautiful in get-up, and it is written with just that note of romance which has always belonged to Kashmir. Tom Moore sang its magic in "Lallah Rookh," and Elphinstone, the historian of India, has acclaimed it the fairest spot in Asia, if not in the whole world. For the many who may go there, and the many more who never will, Mr. Milne tells picturesquely all the journey and the arrival mean. It is a far journey, but we are all entitled to one far journey—one dream holiday—in the course of a lifetime.

"THE SPHERE" TRAVEL BUREAU

In constantly increasing numbers readers of "The Sphere" are availing themselves of the free service offered by "The Sphere" Travel Bureau.

This admirably equipped and efficiently staffed Bureau exists for the dissemination of information and unbiased advice concerning travel and hotels at home and abroad. It does not sell tickets or book accommodation, but it acts as "guide, philosopher, and friend" to the prospective tourist.

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South Africa

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

COCKTAILS and JAZZ

at a Mile a Minute

The New Train for the Riviera

Time was when the way of the traveller was no less hard than that of the transgressor, and often less amusing. But this is an age of luxury,

And so with railways and resorts. They vie in the provision of travelling facilities, well knowing that if a place is "difficult to get at" the pampered public will seek other pastures. I have often wondered how many people stayed away from the Riviera rather than face the struggle for berths on the Blue Train and other expresses.

SUPPLEMENTING THE BLUE TRAIN: One of the luxurious coaches on the new Riviera train—the Côte d'Azur Pullman Express

It was a good move, therefore, to put on a new train, and a better move still to have inaugurated a day-time service. Particularly to those who object to night travel, the Côte d'Azur Pullman Express—to give it its official name—comes as a long delayed boon, and to all and sundry who can afford it, it offers the highest development of luxurious travel. Leaving Victoria at 11 a.m. by the Golden Arrow, Paris is reached at 5.35 p.m.; next morning the new express leaves the French capital at 8.50 p.m., arriving at Nice at 11 p.m. —just over fourteen hours for the run of 675 miles, at an average speed of nearly 48 m.p.h.

The new train itself represents the last word in design, comfort, and decoration. It is compiled exclusively of Pullman coaches, in which the number of seats—all movable lounge chairs—has been reduced to give more room to each traveller. Similarly, in the restaurant car more elbow space has been provided. The equipment is excellent, ventilation has been improved, while in decoration the Wagon-Lits Company has attempted to go one better than even the latest Paris - Biarritz service. There is the same artistic choice of hard woods used in construction, adorned in lacquer and marquetry by M. René Prou, who was responsible for the first Blue Train. In addition, the new art of M. René Lalique has been employed with striking effect.

And finally, lest the traveller weary even of comfortable accommodation, harmonious surroundings, and the ever-freshening panorama of the French countryside, there is provided a special salon—a combination of lounge, reading-room, and ballroom—where he or she (or both) may while away the passing hours. Whether the intricate rhythm of the "six-eight" can be successfully preserved as the train hurtles round a bend at a mile a minute, others must tell. But we can all appreciate the relief occasioned by wandering into an elegant parlour car, there to peruse the leading European newspapers, sip a cocktail, and imbibe our five o'clock tea. C. P.

The FOSSICKER.

A Human Derelict who Finds Treasure

By Robert M. Macdonald

There are times when the Fates seem to conspire against the mortal, and, no matter how energetic or deserving of success are his efforts, everything goes wrong. His "luck is out." The man who stays at home has doubtless a philosophy of his own under such circumstances, but the wandering adventurer, by reason of the nature of his life, believes in "luck," and somehow knows that sooner or later the fickle goddess will again smile upon him. Therefore when he realises that his luck is out he squares up his affairs as best he can and betakes himself to some place where he knows he can at least earn a living and need not suffer further kicks from fate while doing so. Unknown, but not necessarily alone, he here works and waits until his times are more propitious.

A "fossicker" is such a man. His *habitat* is any old gold, mineral, or gem field in South Africa, Canada, New Zealand, or Australia, and if for the time he is a human derelict his soul is not dead within him. When his luck turns he can retrace his footsteps to the civilisation that had no room for him and, picking up the threads of life he dropped when he left it, can go on again as was his wont. But he does not always go back!

This is how the fossicker sets to work; but it must be remembered that although a "down and outer" he is a philosopher of a kind, and not necessarily an ignorant man.

The fossicker contrives to arrive on some old worked-out gold or mineral field which in its early days was rich in its production. Grass now grows over the abandoned dumps of excavated material which cover the ground around the old fallen-in shafts, and heaps of empty bottles, bully beef and jam tins, and other derelicts of a one-time prosperity are all that remain to show that the field ever was a scene of activity. But the greater the signs of desolation the more he is pleased. He knows that in the palmy days of the mining camp he fixes upon for his operations the miners, in their eagerness to "get rich quick," discarded on those dumps much ore that was not then payable enough for their attention but which, since, may have become—owing to natural concentration caused by time, modern knowledge, and the more easily satisfied disposition of the fossicker—extremely profitable.

The fossicker therefore pitches his camp beside the abandoned mine he has chosen and, without troubling to clear away the debris, proceeds to dig into the heart of the old "mullock" dump. He is after the ore which was thrown out during the mine's best days. When he has worked his way well in he washes a shovelful of the partly decomposed ore in an old basin or gold pan, and probably (if it is a gold mine dump) finds a faint "tail" of gold on the bottom of his pan when his washing operations are completed. He collects that "tail," and, if satisfied, proceeds to wash out another panful. By the end of the day—if he can obtain water anywhere near—he may have collected anything from a few penny-weights of gold up to about an ounce, but as even one "weight," being value for 4s., will pay for his living requirements of bully beef, flour, sugar, tea, and tobacco, he will be more or less content, and will continue to work leisurely in his ever-extending hole in the dump until he has exhausted the richest part, grown tired of its poorness, or joined up with another fossicker who has found a dump which yields exceptional results. In any case he can start work on pastures new when he likes.

The above is the general procedure of the fossicker's work in all parts of the Empire, but, as the climate of Canada is rather severe during the winter, the fossicker prefers to work in warmer countries such as Rhodesia and Australia.

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These delightful cigarettes have a flavour and charm which is all their own.

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ABERDEEN TERRIERS

by

Arthur Wardle

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WORLD-RENOWNED FOR AGE AND QUALITY

The WOMAN'S SPHERE

By Marjorie

Hats for the Riviera are simple. This one from Woolland Brothers is of Baku straw enriched with ribbon velvet passing through slots in the crown

Now that Christmas is over the sales are of paramount importance; some have begun, while others will not commence until Monday next, the 6th instant. This is the first day of Harrods, Knightsbridge, sale; it is for one week. The profusely illustrated catalogue is ready and will gladly be sent gratis and post free. Standing out with prominence among the many attractions are moiré afternoon frocks for 50s.; practical coats, usually three guineas, are 33s. Showerproof coats are 32s. 6d., and there are 1,000 pairs of patent-leather golf shoes at half-price.

FOR TWO WEEKS.—Debenham and Freebody's (Wigmore Street, W.) sale also begins on Monday next. In the Parisian model department is assembled a number of day and evening dresses; they were approximately 40 guineas, now they are 18½ guineas. In the inexpensive department there are dresses that were 6½ guineas for 69s. 6d. Again, in the tea-gown department there are printed velvet frocks for 49s. 6d. those of crêpe de chine being 29s. 6d.; lace wool tea jackets are 12s. 6d., and quilted dressing gowns in rayon de soie 39s. 6d.

SPRING TAILOR-MADES.—At Marshall and Snelgrove's (Oxford Street, W.) sale a feature is made of tailored suits for early spring wear in Oxford suitings for 6½ guineas; white unlined cardigan suits are £5 18s. 6d. In striking contrast to these are the cocktail dance-frocks in chene taffeta with semi-fitting bodices and full skirts; they are 6½ guineas.

THROUGHOUT JANUARY.—Aquascutum's (100, Regent Street, W.) sale has begun, no catalogue is issued. Included in it are proofed tweed coats for £5, non-proofed for £3, and leather coats for £6 6s.

A new note present in this shady hat from Woolland Brothers is the plait of crêpe de chine at the edge of the brim. The hat is of hemp straw and is available in many colours

BARGAINS FOR MEN AND WOMEN.—Following their usual custom, Burberrys in the Haymarket, during the first month of the New Year, are offering their entire stocks of garments accumulated during the past year. The world-famous Burberry Weatherproof, for example, is reduced to 73s. 6d. Women's overcoats, single- and double-breasted, that were eight and twelve guineas, during the sale are marked down to four and five guineas. Men's tweed top-coats are available at one half their usual price of eight guineas. Lounge suits in hard-wearing Cheviot, Bannockburn, and other tweeds, usually priced at nine guineas, can during the sale month be secured for the sum of 84s., whilst women's tailored costumes are 6½ guineas.

This hat has a brim which casts becoming shadows across the face; the fan-shaped panel of pleats at the side is novel and attractive

REGARDING HEADGEAR.—Although a sale is proceeding in the salons of Woolland Brothers, Knightsbridge, they are showing altogether charming hats that are destined to make their debut on the Riviera; a trio find pictorial expression on this page. The model on the left is of Baku straw; the ribbon velvet with which it is trimmed is passed through slots; this is a decidedly new idea. The one in the centre is of hemp straw; the brim is outlined with plait of crêpe de chine. An important feature of the single straw on the right are the pleats at the side. Reverting to the sale, emphasis must be laid on the fact that all Parisian models have had their prices reduced by half and in some instances more than half.

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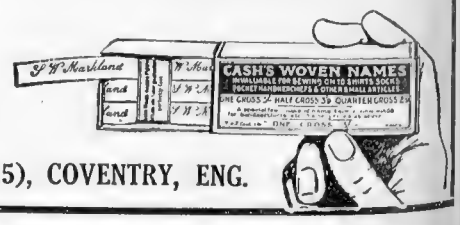
Also slightly wider tape for names and addresses. 4 doz. 4/6; 2 doz. 3/6

Samples and list of styles sent free on application.



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AT HOME IN EVERY ROOM

BE your room what it may, it can be made more appealing and alluring with "Nell Gwynn" Decorative Candles.

Their charm lies in the beauty of their 36 colours, the stately dignity of their shape and the clarity with which they burn.

In drawing room, hall or study, their rich colours will impart a finishing touch to the decorative scheme. Burning on the dining table they are a beautiful decoration and shed a soft radiance, which extends sympathy to skin, eyes and hair and brings a new loveliness to every complexion.

FIELD'S

"NELL GWYNN"

Solid Dyed Candles

FOR BURNING AND DECORATING FROM 9d. PER BOX.

FIELD'S ALSO MAKE

"Our Nell"

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OR 1/- A 3-TABLET BOX

A Toilet Soap, Fragrant Perfume and complexion Cream in one.

You really should try it.

FREE: A booklet entitled "Lights of Other Days," will be sent post free on request to J. C. & J. Field, Ltd., Dept. "S," London, S.E. 1. Established 1642 in the reign of Charles the First.

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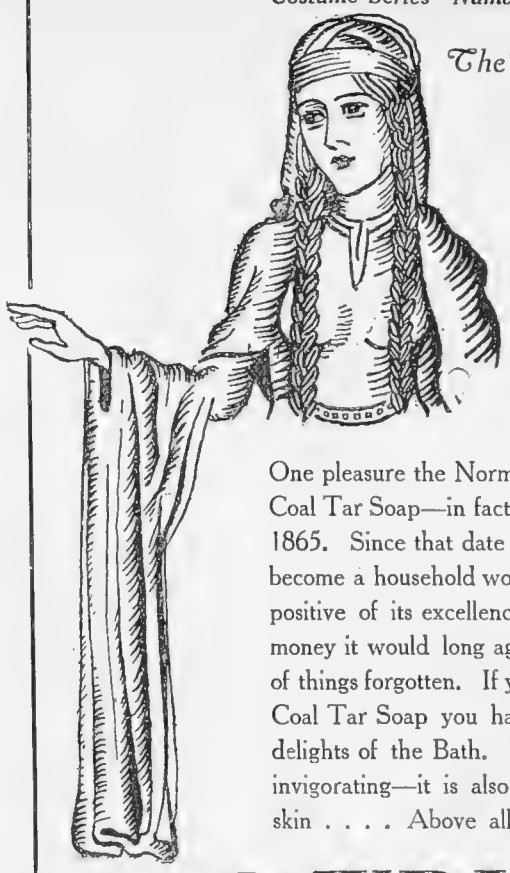
Costume Series—Number One.



The "MAUNCHE" Sleeve

The Norman Conquest signalised the introduction of luxury in dress into England. Adopting all that was graceful and dignified of the old Saxon style, the wealthy Anglo-Normans indulged in ostentatious display, introducing gorgeous fabrics and widening the sleeves until they hung open-mouthed at the wrist. Ladies of fashion then, as now, in search of new ideas, speedily added pendant lappets to the sleeve which were called "Maunche."

One pleasure the Normans were denied—Wright's Coal Tar Soap—in fact it was denied mankind until 1865. Since that date Wright's Coal Tar Soap has become a household word. Its very success is proof positive of its excellence; if it were not value for money it would long ago have passed to the limbo of things forgotten. If you have never used Wright's Coal Tar Soap you have yet to discover the true delights of the Bath. No soap is so refreshing or invigorating—it is also compassionate to a tender skin . . . . Above all, it protects from infection.

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

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COMBINED PRAM AND CAR

THIS unique model combines all the comforts of an infant's pram with the added usefulness of a mailcart. It is very graceful in appearance with a handsome coachbuilt body, and is designed to last a child from infancy until quite finished with perambulators of any description, thus saving the expense of another sit-up car. It is exceptionally wide and roomy and is fitted with an Extension giving a bed length of 43 inches. It can also be used for 2 children, and is fitted with a swinging axle by means of which the balance can be altered at will.

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Private Tours by *Modèle de Luxe* six-cylinder 4- and 5-seater landaulets or limousines. Arrange the route and details yourself, but let us assist with expert advice. Tours for separate bookings by 10-seater landaulet type cars running to scheduled itineraries. 270 to choose from.

Forty-four of the famous "Transatlantique" hotels erected especially for these tours. A fleet of 6-wheeled "Desert Cars."

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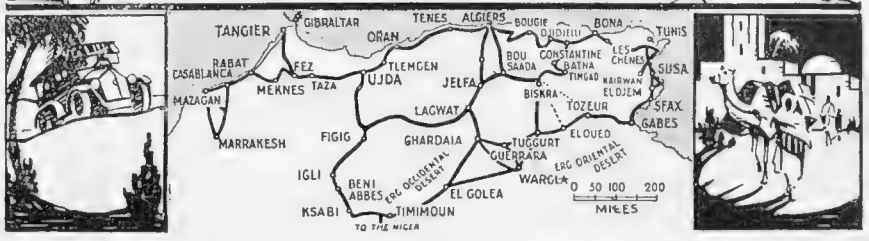
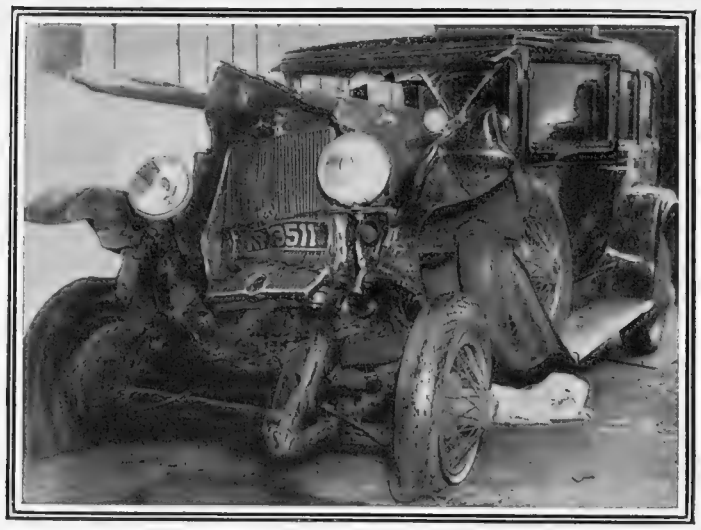


The Petrol World

By A. PERCY BRADLEY



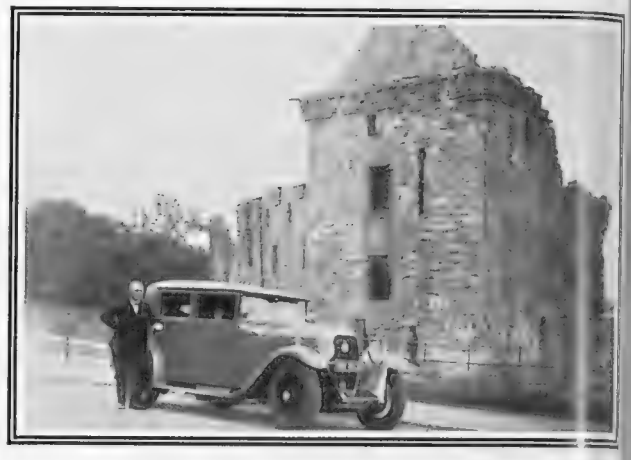
A Tragedy of the Road : A wrecked saloon car after it had suffered a head-on collision with a motor-coach on the Eltham Road, Lee, S.E. The driver of the car was seriously injured, and also three of the motor-coach passengers

B.A.R.C.—In conformity with my promise last week I shall now give a general outline of the 1930 Brooklands programme. First of all, contrary to the usual custom of the track, B.A.R.C. members and the public are now able, and will continue to be able, to test their cars during the winter months, although extensive repairs are being carried out on various parts of the circuit. Arrangements have been made whereby at least one half-mile stretch will be available for testing purposes throughout the winter. The race programme for 1930 will open with an Open Meeting in March, and this will be followed by others on Easter Monday, Whit-Monday, and the August Bank Holiday. In September a long-distance race for sports cars will be held, and the calendar will also include the Junior Car Club's British double twelve-hour race in May and the British Racing Drivers' Club 500-mile race in October. On the Saturday following Easter Monday it is proposed to hold what will be known as a Club Meeting. Various motoring organisations such as the Junior Car Club, the Motor Cycle Club, the Surbiton Motor Club, and the New Cycle Car Club, will be invited to join in the racing, so that their members may have an opportunity of trying their skill against their fellow motorists. It is also intended that the clubs should race against each other, and so help to cultivate an *esprit de corps*.

BETTER ACCOMMODATION.—At the present moment important alterations are being made to the paddock buildings, and when these are completed members of the Brooklands Automobile Racing Club will find that they have a real club-house at their disposal. This will include a lounge, a dining-room, a promenade balcony, a new bar, a changing-room, and a bathroom. The accommodation for ladies has also been increased, and it is hoped that before very long motorists will be able to join the B.A.R.C. with a smaller financial outlay during the first year of membership. The large public that patronises the track on race days will find in 1930 that for the first time facilities will be given to it to watch the finish of a race in a new enclosure bordering the railway straight. For a long time there has been criticism levelled at the track authorities that no one, no matter what they paid, could see the finish of a race. This new enclosure has been decided upon in order to meet this criticism, and it is to be hoped that the public will take advantage of it. A new snack-bar has been built at the back of the paddock building, and from this a view of the railway straight and the end of the home banking can be obtained. A larger luncheon-room will be provided, and better cloak-room accommodation for ladies will be installed. It is possible that further advantages and improvements will be made; but having only been in my new post for a few weeks it is impossible to say any more. I would point out that the old offices of the B.A.R.C. at 83, Pall Mall, London, have been closed down, and new offices built in the paddock.

THE R.A.C. TO THE RESCUE.—During the first ten months of this year the R.A.C. assisted 8,273 car-owners and 1,338 motor-cyclists, under the Club's "Get-you-Home" service, who had broken down on the road. The scheme provides for a free relief car in the event of a breakdown or an accident. An unusual incident occurred during the recent floods in which the R.A.C. service proved of assistance. A small saloon car was proceeding slowly along a flooded road when it got too much on to the camber, overturned, and gradually filled with water. The owner sent for an R.A.C. relief car, and the crew on arrival lifted the car on to its wheels and drained the water out. As no damage was apparent, the owner pressed the starter, the engine fired, and he was able to drive away little the worse for his adventure.

A "COLONIAL" TEST-TRACK.—Several motor-car factories have excellent test tracks surrounding their works, but the track which has just been built by the Hillman Company is unique in that its surface has been purposely roughened to approximate colonial conditions. Tests on this new track, which is called a proving-ground, in no way replace the usual extensive road tests. They are in addition to them, and are carried out mainly with a view to discovering body rattles or imperfections in the springs, shock-absorbers, and steering. If any minor faults are found they are rectified on the spot; this is obviously more effective than later adjustments in the final test-shop.



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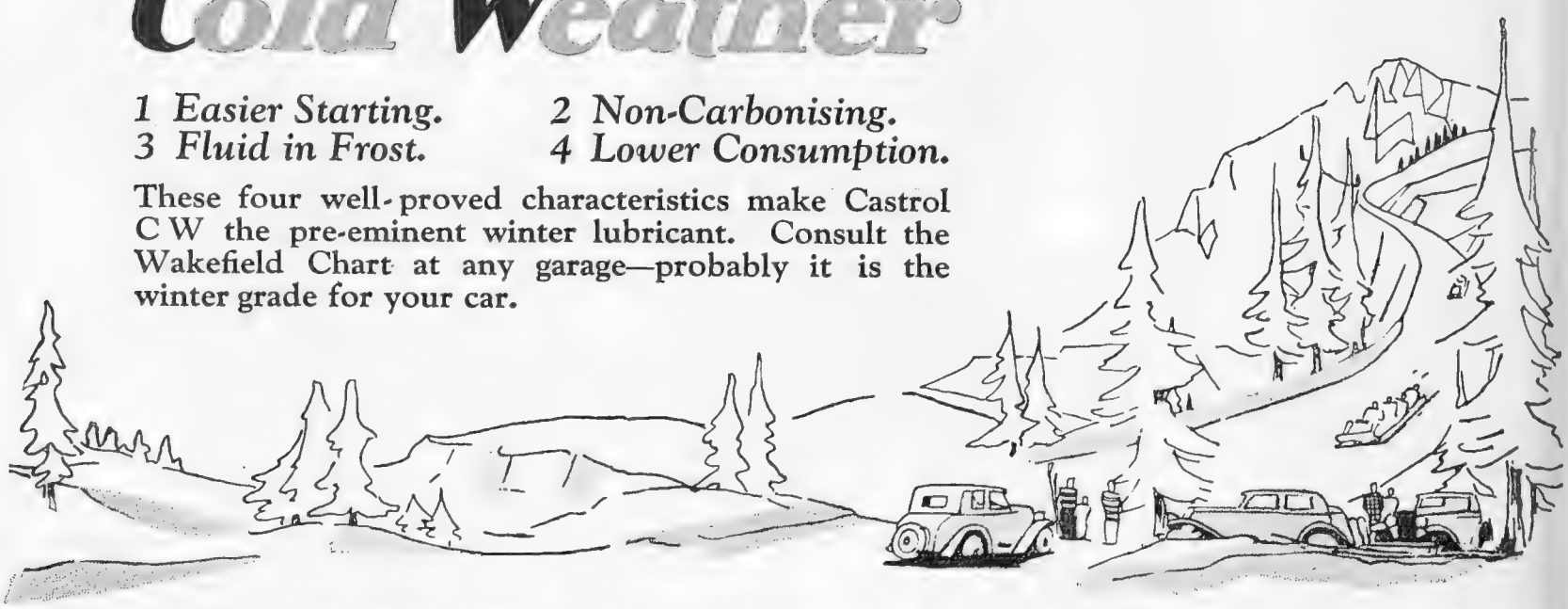

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YOU LIKE SHORT STORIES?

In "THE SURGEON WAS RIGHT"
A Comedy of a Widow, Two Cowards and a Haunted House by Leonard Merrick.

"I go to pay my compliments to Madame Balbi. It is her fête day."

"I, too," said the other . . . .

They strolled to the apartment side by side—Champeroux elegant with a slim umbrella, and Gosselin stiffly guarding the bouquet.

"Ah, how good you are! It is delicious. But it is ravishing!" cried the lady, in tones of extreme surprise, when the pair had kissed her hand and congratulated her.

To Champeroux's discomfiture, however, she made no mention of a basket of expensive roses . . . .

"Halgiers?" repeated Mr. Montgomery, the First Officer, rising to the bait. "And wot, may I arsk, is so fatal about Halgiers?"

"Weel," explained Mr. Glencannon, "as some of you know, Captain Ball and gentlemen, I've always been a great one for lummericks—silly veerses o' poesy like, for instance, the one aboot a cairtain young mon from Bombay who went oot a-riding one day, and the Coolie who lived in Hong-Kong whose job was to hammer a gong . . . . you know the sort o' thing."

In "THE LOST LIMERICK" by Guy Gilpatrick. Another adventure of Mr. Glencannon, one extremely fond of "Duggan's Dew o'Kirkintilloch!"

"FAMOUS WOMEN OF HISTORY"
No. 9. AYESHA. The favourite wife of the Prophet MAHOMET.

Ayesha's influence grew. Before the Moslems became sufficiently strong to capture Mecca from the Pagans and thus establish Mohammedanism as a world religion, she organised a rebellion in the harem. The Prophet had accepted as a concubine a Coptic girl, Mary, young and comely—the two qualities in a woman which Mahomet never failed to appreciate. Unlike his other wives, Mary soon gave birth to a son, Ibrahim. It is true that she was not a slave, but that she had produced a direct heir to Islam exalted her to a station far above the other members of the harem. Ayesha's envy knew no restraint.

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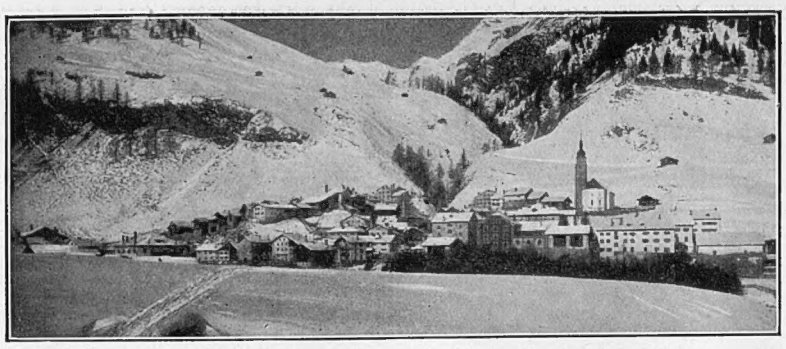
WIRELESS FOR THE BLIND

A committee fully representing British Societies working for the welfare of the blind population has been established to organise a fund for providing, as far as is practicable, every blind person in the United Kingdom and Northern Ireland with a wireless set. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales has honoured the British "Wireless for the Blind" fund by becoming its president, and the Right Hon. Reginald McKenna is acting as hon. treasurer. The vice-presidents include the Archbishop of Canterbury, Cardinal Bourne, the Chief Rabbi, the Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, the Duchess of Atholl, M.P., Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Churchill, Mr. David Lloyd George, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, and Miss Sybil Thorndike. Captain Sir Beachcroft Towse, V.C., is chairman of the committee; Captain Ian Fraser, vice-chairman; and Mr. W. McG. Eagar, secretary, with offices at 226, Great Portland Street, W.1. The British Broadcasting Corporation, which is represented on the committee, is giving the Fund its wholehearted support, and will assist it by every means at its disposal. On Christmas Day a microphone appeal was made by the Right Hon. Winston Churchill, M.P., and broadcast from all stations throughout the United Kingdom and Northern Ireland. The response to this appeal, it is hoped, will be generous, as it is obvious that no invention can help the blind so much as wireless. In fact, the value of wireless to the millions who can see is multiplied a thousandfold to the thousands who cannot see. The blind necessarily have few interests, few amusements. Reading Braille with the fingers has done much to banish loneliness, but not all blind people can read with their fingers, and only a comparatively small number of books can ever be in Braille type. Broadcasting is the blind man's daily newspaper, his own personal means of entertainment, education, and enlightenment. It should be as impossible for those who read these words to imagine a blind man without his wireless set as to imagine themselves without eyes. He cannot be left without it.



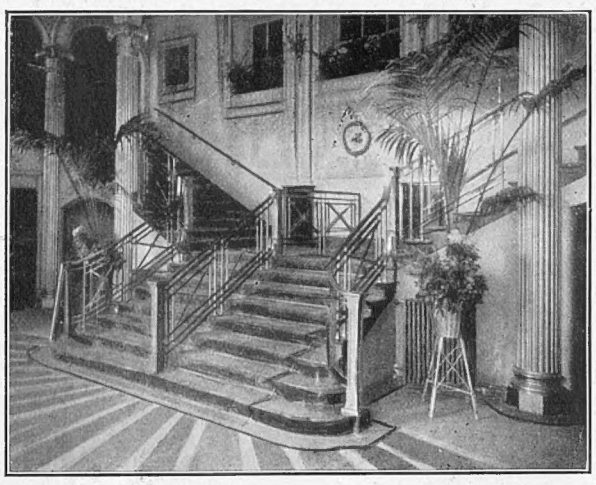
A NEW WINTER SPORTS CENTRE: Splugen in the Grisons, near the source of the Rhine—a little-known but delightful resort for enthusiasts of both sexes. It is en route from Choire to St. Moritz, and the centre of its activities is the Post-Hotel, Bodenhaus, formerly a lovely old country residence. Major Whinney, who directed the winter sports at Maloza last year, is looking after the sporting interests of the visitors at Splugen

COLUMBIA RECORDS

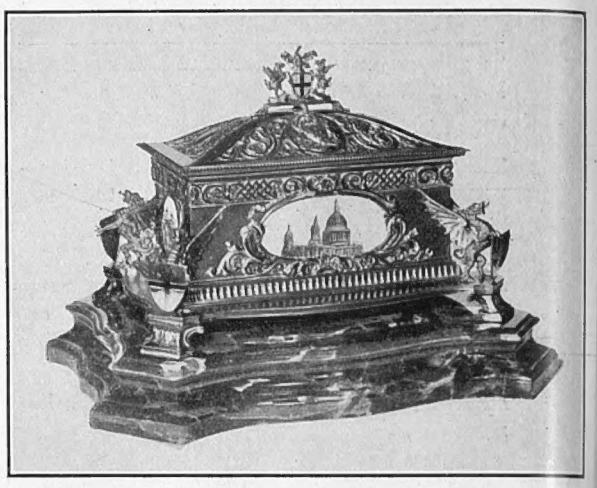
Among the latest products of this distinguished firm we have received the following: "Concerto in B minor for Violin and Orchestra" (Edward Elgar, Op. 61), Albert Sammons, violin, with the new Queen's Hall Orchestra, conducted by Sir Henry J. Wood, twelve parts, six records. "Im Kuhlen Keller Sitz'ich Hier" (K. Muehler and L. Fischer), in German, and "Per Scinaherxe," in Swedish, both sung by Ivar Andresen, bass, with Dr. Franz Hallasch at the piano. "Sonata in E Flat" (Beethoven, Op. 81a), pianoforte solo by Leopold Godowsky, four parts, two records. "Ave Maria" (Schubert), and "Hebrew Melody" (Joseph Achron, arr. Zimbalist), both played as violin solos by Toscha Seidel, with a piano accompaniment. *Elijah*, "O Rest in the Lord" (Mendelssohn), and "O Divine Redeemer" (A. Phillips and Ch. Gounod), sung by Dame Clara Butt to an orchestral accompaniment. "Poet and Peasant Overture" (Suppé), Percy Pitt and Augmented Symphony Orchestra, two parts, one record.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2, has, in addition to the Training Ship *Arethusa*, eight country and London Homes to maintain. The Society has to feed, clothe, and in every way provide for 1,100 boys and girls. A special appeal is made to readers of THE SPHERE to very kindly send a New Year gift to help in the carrying on of this work of training poor boys and girls to become good and useful sons and daughters of the Empire.



THE NEW STREATHAM HILL THEATRE: The grand staircase leading to the circle in the suburb's new theatre where the Cochran revue, "Wake Up and Dream," was produced. By permission of the Faculty of Arts, Architects, and Surveyors



TO THE PRIME MINISTER: 18-ct. gold casket containing the Freedom of the City of London, presented to the Prime Minister at the Guildhall Luncheon on December 19, 1929. The casket is the work of Mappin and Webb, Ltd.

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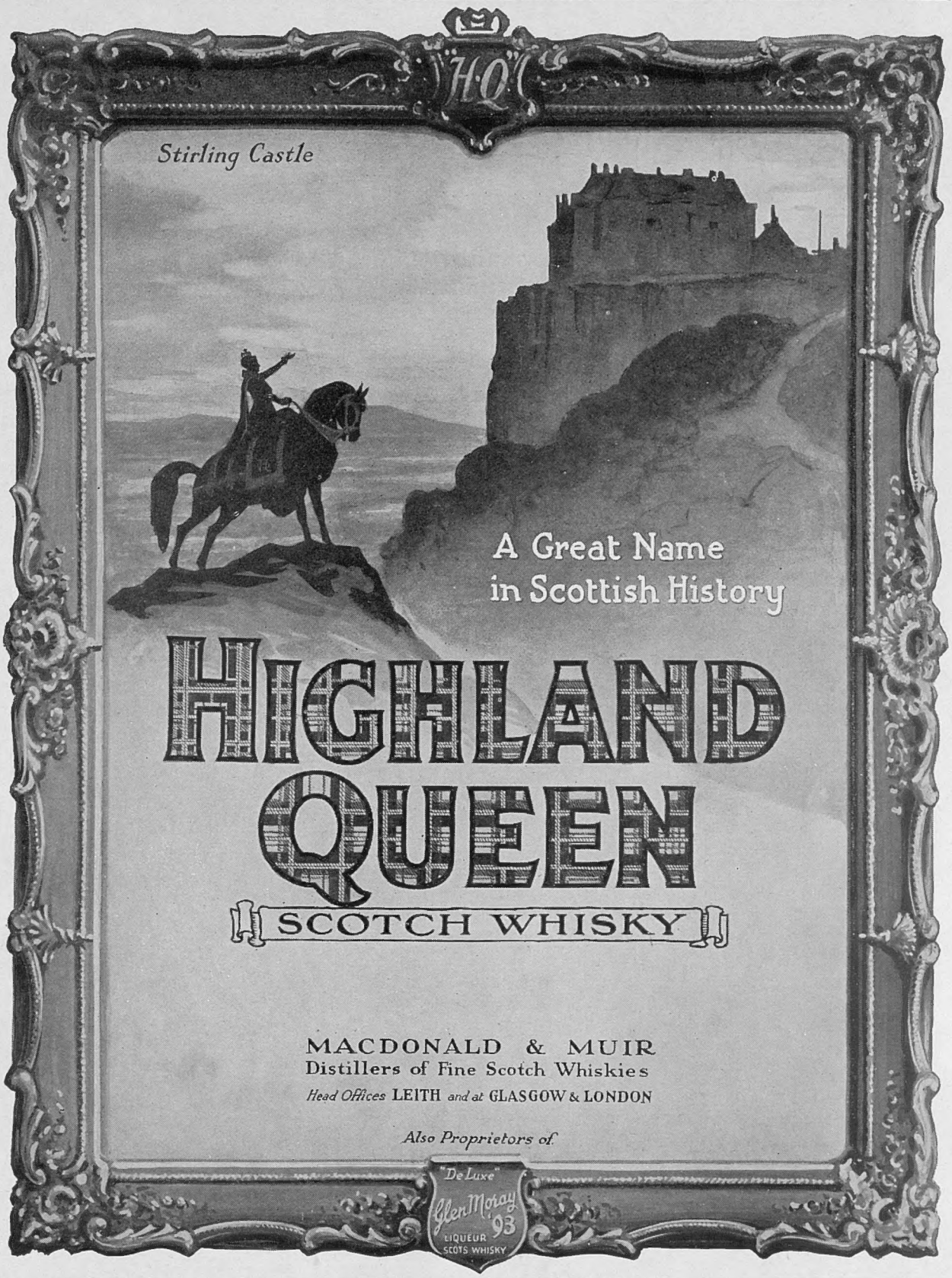

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